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THE WORKING CLASSES AND THEIR RELATION TO THE STATE.

THE Chartist outrages—the question of the Corn-laws—the rate of Wages—and the interests of Manufacturers are now of such pressing urgency, that we must devote a large space in our present number to political discussion. Perhaps no calumny has been more industriously circulated than that the aristocracy of a country are the natural enemies of the lower and middle orders. It is easy to prove that the true noble is their best friend. While the lower class of politicians make wealth, either in explicit terms or by implication, the basis of right, it has always been the doctrine of the higher aristocratic class, that so far from having a less, the labouring man has a greater stake, if possible, in the country, than even the owner of the soil himself. What principally entitles the holder of the soil to its possession? Only the industry of his ancestors or his own. His fathers, by much labour, brought the land which he possesses to its present state of fertility and value. The strongest right to property in land rests upon the ground of improvement having followed occupation, in other words, that by labour and skill it had been deservedly appropriated to an individual trustee for the public benefit. Where no improvement takes place, the right of property loses considerably in strength, and is only supported at all by the consideration that in improvement there are many gradations, as also in occupation, and that it would be difficult to fix the precise amount of either; and that as the very occupation of the land may be taken as the first step of improvement, improvement must be supposed to have begun, and length of time allowed to complete it; the languid improver not being, for obvious reasons of expediency, to be arbitrarily removed for one more active.

So far, also, from the labourer being a mere citizen of the world, in the sense intended by some writers who profess to take the poorer classes into their especial keeping, he is in, perhaps, no sense entitled to such character. More than any man probably, he is, by circumstances and necessarily, a patriot, and attached to the soil of his birth; nay, so disinclined is he to bear with him to another market that stock-in-trade of his, on which so much stress is laid—namely, his capacity for labour—that, frequently, he would rather starve in his native land, than seek a foreign shore in the way of colonisation, even at the expense of government. He feels it as a sort of indignity offered to his person that he should be carried, however beneficially for himself or his country, to a

strange land; as if he were of no service in his own, and removed as a burthen from the scenes of his daily life. More than all, revolutionary movements reach him earliest. Whoever may preserve himself, the labourer suffers first, and, at the very beginning of the outburst, he loses his *all*, while his wealthier neighbour loses but a part only, which part, too, he often finds means, in what remains, to recover.

We resist every such view of the question, as the one on which we have animadverted. First, because, though adopted by some Tory writers, fond of conceding to Radical or Whig dogmas, it is injurious to the cause of constitutional principle, of which we are advocates; humble it may be, but, we trust, not mistaken, as we are sure we are sincere. We resist it as a concession to the enemy, who has charged such in the way of objection—however much he may, on other occasions, advocate the view himself—to the ascendancy of that principle which we are anxious to maintain. The stronghold of the enemy has been in an appeal to the passions of the people, by asserting, (how falsely!) that the interests of the rich and poor were diverse, and that the latter were considered by the former as outcasts of the state. This was, is, and ever will be, to assert a lie! Yet, this lie—or, perhaps, the word *fallacy* would be liked best by the quarter intended—has formed the basis of Jeremy Benthamism in reform. What says the Jurisconsult in his *Plan and Catechism of Parliamentary Reform*? “In the Peers, great landholders, and as yet uncoronetted Commoners, styled *country gentlemen*, and others, is the chief property of the country, and with it (for, in the language of the aristocratic school, *property* and *virtue* are synonymous terms) the *virtue* of the country.” Oh no! we confine not thus the ornament of virtue to the superior classes of society, though the very possession of property is indicative of virtue at some time existing, by which it was obtained or preserved; but we extend it to the poorest man, and find it, as we have found it, not seldom, in the humblest cottage. Nay, among the inmates of such we recognise some of the finest specimens of humanity, and adore the Godhead in labouring independence and purseless piety! Such is the feeling of every truly noble mind towards the lower orders, as they are called; and hence it was that Burke expressed so strong an indignation against the use of the phrase “Labouring Poor.”

Whoever really wishes well *to*, pleads *for* the poor man; mere trading politicians plead *to* him. They plead *to* him to excite him to revolution, by which they may profit; but, whosoever may escape, the poor man must suffer. The former pleads *for* him, because thereby he cannot but benefit him in his circumstances, and improve the condition of his existence. Such are the feelings and motives by which the different parties are actuated, and such are the results of the efforts of one and the other.

Secondly. We resist the view on which we have animadverted, because it is a libel upon the inherited constitution of England—a libel too, of which its enemies have made but too effective a handle. In their cry for Universal Suffrage, they have exclaimed that the poor man was excluded from representation—was cut off from the state. He paid his taxes, but his voice was not heard—he worked for the rich proprietor, but his interests were not consulted—he laboured worthily in his

vocation, but his opinion was unasked. We may, perhaps, thank the patrons of the present Reform Act for having made manifest, and brought into distinct consciousness, the truth on this matter, and for having demonstrated the mendacity of all such declamation to the prejudices of the uninstructed. Yes, the promoters of the present law have to be thanked for this good consequence, though unmeant by them. We never knew so much, and so much good, of the old constitution of Old England, as the discussion on that subject made known. We had been inclined to think that the apparent anomalies therein might be real defects, but we have been taught now to understand, that they were useful make-weights, conservative of the due balance of the constitution. We have also been taught, that the old constitution recognised no difference between the classes and orders of men, but admitted them *all* to a due share of the representation—in a word, that it granted **UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE** in the only way in which Universal Suffrage can at all be granted—namely, that every rank should be actually represented, and that every individual, by means of one or more of the order to which he belongs, should be virtually represented. In resisting the wild schemes which usurped the name of Universal Suffrage, we had well-nigh forgotten, what, upon this ground, might be said in favour of that condition of society, which we had the blessing to inherit, though not to bequeath.

VIRTUAL UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE was all that Bentham himself considered fit and proper, and constituted his *ideal* of a constitution; but, by some perversion of intellect, he failed to perceive its realization, in all practicable measure, in that of England. Take his own words:—

“Applied to the name of the quality *Universality*, the use of the adjunct *virtual* is—by the limitation of which it gives intimation to distinguish it from *unlimited* universality of suffrage—*unlimited* or *absolute*, being the *degree of universality*, which, but for the application of some limitative adjunct, would, according to the correct import of the word, be to be understood. Of absolute universality, if admitted, the effect would be to admit to the exercise of the franchise in question persons of various descriptions, none of whom would be capable of exercising it, to the advantage either of others or of themselves. *Idiots*, and *infants* in leading strings, may serve for examples. By ‘*virtually* universal suffrage’ what I mean is, that which will remain of absolutely universal suffrage, when from the number of individuals designated by the word *universal*, all such *defalcations* shall have been made, as, by specific considerations, shall have been shown to be productive, each of them of a benefit in some special shape; that benefit being at the same time *preponderant* over every inconvenience, if any such there be, resulting from the limitation thus applied—a limitation, viz., to the operation of the principle, by which the comprehension of all interests, as far as practicable, is prescribed.”

The only sort of Universal Suffrage allowable, therefore, is the *virtual*; and a *virtual Universal Suffrage* was that which belonged to our inherited constitution. And this was the first principle of Englishmen, which the misnamed Reform Act, lately foisted upon the country, proceeded to break down. It was an impious attempt—an infamous attain-

ment—an iniquitous grinding of the faces of the poor. It was an insidious attack upon hereditary rights, when they were most in want of protection, and may yet work its way upwards until it shall make desolate the halls of the aristocracy, and the seat of royal power. "Our ancestors," as the Marquis of Bute well observed,* in that grand debate, which will be the glory of the House of Lords to the end of time, "took especial care that the hereditary principle of representation was observed. The right of voting has been wisely handed down from generation to generation, and whatever interfered with that hereditary principle would prove injurious to the aristocracy. Thus it is that the respective interests of the poor and the peasant are identified." "The interests of the peer and the people," said Lord Mansfield, "were inseparable. Hence it was not only the duty, but the interests of their lordships, that the people should be in full possession of liberty and of the other blessings of the constitution; and it was impossible that the liberties of the people should receive any augmentation, without deriving it in a great measure from the lords. It was true the peers had legislative places assigned to them peculiar to themselves; but they must come in at last with the great mass of the population. The tie, in fact, was indissoluble, and the people should know the strength and value of the connexion."

The strength and value of that connexion had been proved in the preservation of their hereditary rights even to the lowest of the people, which was attempted by the aristocracy, and for awhile not in vain. Upon that great occasion noble lords undertook manfully the consideration of the question, as it stood in relation to the bill of reform, as it then existed—"the Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill." They adverted to the means of tyranny of which it would possess the middle classes over that immediately beneath them. They considered the middle classes, as they are, in themselves, as also their relation to the orders above and beneath them. They showed how both were sacrificed to an accumulation of power in the centre. The Bill—the new Bill—and anything but the Bill, however, sought to remedy this defect. The ludicrous attempt to confine the ten-pound privilege to half-yearly rent payers, will not readily be forgotten. Anon, a change came over the spirit of the ministerial dream—and, behold, the same privilege is to be extended yet further, instead of being contracted, and the weekly tenants of three shillings and tenpence a week were to be included. This, they no doubt, in their wisdom, thought would obviate the objection, which they could not but feel to be just, namely, that society, by the original Bill, was classed into invidious distinctions, founded upon mere property, such as it was, and however ludicrous the amount. Still the principle of the Bill remained. Every man not renting a house of ten pounds a year was excluded from all right of voting.

But while the principle remained, its effect, by this modification, was essentially, and for the general interest, injuriously altered. If it be the object of the constitution to bring all classes of the community into the representation, then ought there to be different rights of voting. Such rights, as to boroughs, belonged to burgage tenures, freeholds, and free-men. Now, it was proposed to get rid of these, and to bring in the

* Debate in the House of Lords, Friday, 7th October, 1831.

lowest species of householders. A man might be a householder without any property whatever—he might be a bankrupt, but still he could vote at an election. To this point, Lord Wynford* called the attention of Lord Brougham; for a man might be an uncertificated bankrupt and still vote, if he were a ten-pound householder. “He asked, where was the improvement, if a man whose property was his creditors’ could vote, while he could hold a ten-pound house in which he might have a joint stool and table as the instruments of a great constituent power—the materials of a pauper vote? On the subject of paupers, he begged to say a few words—Rent and taxes being paid, the householder was in a capacity to vote. A freeholder and a possessor of burgage tenure had property, and a freeman had served an apprenticeship in the town. But there was necessity neither for service nor property with respect to a householder. So far from transferring the representation of the country from borough proprietors to the wealth and loyalty of the nation, many persons of great respectability and intelligence would be deprived of the right of exercising the elective franchise. Persons residing in the inns of court, though treated by the law as householders, and paying considerable rents, would nevertheless acquire no right of voting under this Bill. The constituency under the Bill would not include the wealth and knowledge of the country—on the contrary, its general principle seemed to him to be, to get rid of the respectable representation, and to throw it into other hands. It appeared from the Parliamentary Returns, that the number of householders valued above ten pounds a-year was 378,280, and of these only 52,000 were householders rated above twenty pounds a-year.”

Such, then, has been the effect of this new scheme of voting, that—while, in the most invidious, impious, and contemptuous manner, declaring every man who pays not ten pounds a-year rent to be an outcast from the state, and not even worthy of *virtual* representation in the person of some one or other of his own class—it introduced so great a number of the poorest and meanest and most objectionable of the qualified order, as to produce all the evils of a system of *absolute* universal suffrage, without any of the benefits that might belong to such. And all this arose, forsooth, from the desire of the framers of the measure to proceed on a principle of property as well as of population. This point has been much misunderstood, even as regards our inherited constitution. The Commons House of Parliament, when first called together, was not constituted on the ground of wealth, respectability, or commerce—but members were sent for from places where the king could depend on their fidelity. The extent of commerce, or wealth, or population, had nothing to do with their being summoned. And, in good truth, a money qualification is, of all the sorts of qualification that can be invented, the very worst. It never can fix the kind or degree of individual respectability, which it is proposed to admit. In the 8th of Henry VI., such a mode was indeed resorted to, to insure people of substance and worth as the constituency for the election of knights of shires; and forty shillings a-year was presented as the value of the property in land or tenement requisite for the qualification. Now, those said forty shillings were equal to forty pounds of money of the present day, and implied quite a

* Debate, 7th Oct., 1831.

different class of voters. In the same way, a ten-pound rate-payer of the present day may, in process of time, come to represent a far lower degree of property than can now be calculated upon. This fact ought to make the framers of a measure of this kind pause before they adopt so uncertain and variable a standard of worth and substance as a money qualification. Better, far better, is the hereditary right, which grounds the respectability of the voter on the basis of his parentage, or his apprenticeship, and, in the latter, provides for his aptitude as an elector, by the fact of his having received an education in some trade or handicraft—a practical knowledge superior in itself to any speculative intellectuality, induced by instruction in mere letters, and not at all to be substituted by the latter, though by the latter it may be improved and rendered of yet greater utility and wider application.

Every one acquainted with corporations must be aware of the advantage of this sort of qualification. Lord Eldon* bore witness of it in his own person in the House of Lords, thus:—

“My Lords, the humble individual who now stands before you had some connexion with one of those corporations in which the noble duke at the head of the table is interested. I desire to ask any one who knows the practice of that place, with respect to returning members to Parliament, whether there is any place in the world which has sent more proper members to the House of Commons than that? Well, then, my Lords, what is this sweeping disfranchisement that you propose? It is, first, to put an end to all the boroughs in Schedule A; second, it is to destroy all the corporations in the country; and third, if it does not destroy the corporations, which, to a certain extent, it does, it introduces persons who have no connection with the corporation to vote along with the corporators, and then destroys the rights of those corporators, which they have enjoyed for so many years, and destroys them for no other reason than that they live about seven miles from the town. My Lords, I am a freeman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I hold it to be one of the highest honours which I possess, and I consider it ought to be an encouragement to all the young rising men of that place, that any man in this country possessing moderate abilities, improved by industry, may raise himself to the highest situations in the country. For God’s sake, my Lords, never part with that principle. You may ask me, what application I make of this argument? My Lords, I will tell you the application. I received my education in the corporation school of that town on cheap terms. As the son of a freeman, I had a right to it; and I had hoped that, when my ashes were laid in the grave, where they probably soon will be, I might have given some memorandum that boys there situated as I was might rise to be chancellors of England, if, having the advantage of that education, they were honest, faithful and industrious in their dealings.”

Such an instance as this could not fail of being impressive, and accordingly it was received with cheers. Considering the character and age of the speaker, had it not its own appropriate sublimity? It had—it had. Such an association, we venture to say, is barely possible under the new system.

* Debate in the House of Lords, Friday, October 7, 1831,

So much for the boroughs and towns—and no more; for it is not necessary to go into the question of Nomination Boroughs, so often already discussed. The county representation requires, however, a few remarks. Defeated in their attempt to restrain what they too late perceived to be the democratic tendency of the Bill, in the question of the half-yearly tenancy—nay, and even compelled, in order to obviate certain too glaring facilities for the influence of bribery and corruption during elections, to grant the right of voting to weekly tenants, whether they had paid their rent and taxes or not—the most able and efficient Whig ministry, to whose cruel tender mercies the destinies of this great empire have for a while by a wise Providence, and doubtless for wise ends, been entrusted, were next driven to introduce or accept certain modifications in the county representation, for the purpose of trimming the balance which was so out of all measure and reckoning disturbed. In spite, therefore, of the clamour of the fourth estate, the seditious newspaper press—in spite of individual discontents among the members of their own party—in spite of the dissatisfaction felt and expressed by the Radicals and Reformers, in whose good graces they wished to continue—nay, in spite of their own real disinclination to adopt any such modifications considered by themselves, and in respect to the county representation alone, without regard to that of the towns and burghs—in spite of all this—and more, much more—they were fain to allow Tenants at Will, provided they paid fifty pounds a-year rent, to vote for the counties, and to provide, as far as might be, for another set of nomination boroughs, in favour of the landed proprietor, by dividing the large counties into districts, each freeholder in a district voting for the members for that district only.

And now at length the Bill had taken its final shape; and behold, it was a Monster! Its parents were astonished, and desired its strangulation as soon as it was born. What said Earl Grey? * Listen to what he said, and be the wiser, ye Radicals and Reformers!

“In addition to the existing right of voting in counties, it has been also given to copyholders, or holders by customary tenure, to the annual value of ten pounds; to lessees for twenty years, of the annual value of fifty pounds; and also to persons holding any lands of which they shall have been in possession for twelve months; though without leases, for which they shall pay a rent of fifty pounds. *That is certainly a regulation I would not have introduced*; it was, in fact, introduced by those who were not connected with the government, and I trust it may be found to operate beneficially; but my objection to it is this, that if landlords should exercise the power they will thus exercise, in such a way as it has been exercised in places I cannot name, it might produce a general demand throughout the country for a regulation to which I feel opposed, and in favour of which there is not, as I believe, one petition on your lordships’ table—I mean the vote by ballot.”

Doubtless it would—and it is confessed that such a provision is an evil only to be justified, as it was enough justified—by the necessity of its introduction to counteract another evil; namely, the democracy of the weekly tenancy. One evil was brought in to balance another. Such

* Debate in the House of Lords, Monday, October 3, 1831.

was the Bill, that no other course was possible; and whatever evil there might be in it, must be chargeable upon the framers of the Bill, from whom the offence originally came. Thus was Earl Grey frightened at the monster of which he laid the germs. What said Lord Brougham? * Listen to what he said, and be the wiser, ye radicals and reformers!

"Will your Lordships, or will any man in his senses, venture to assert that, in the county representation, population is the basis of that representation? If any man will tell me so, let me ask him what he calls a freehold qualification—is that property or is it not? And if it be property, which I contend it is, where does the argument of the noble Earl rest? Why even copyhold property, is *bona fide* and absolute property; and if there be one exception to this rule, the real and true basis upon which the Bill is founded, it is that which is formed by the admission of the right of tenants at will to vote at elections. But whose fault was this, my lords?" &c.

His Lordship went on to charge the fault, as he called it, on the Duke of Buckingham. We have already put the saddle on the right horse. Not on those who introduced the clause was the fault chargeable, but on those who created the necessity for the introduction. Our purpose is served, which was only to show that the measure as it stood, and must have passed, would have been as little satisfactory to the one party as to the other—to the Whig as to the Tory. The Bill professed to be based on property as well as on population: and, indeed, in regard to the boroughs and towns, imposed a money qualification, where our inherited constitution wisely required none, and broke down the property principle where it was wisely recognised of old, and had been up to the date of that Bill.

The Constitution of England provides for the adequate representation, equally of property and of no property: the County Franchise for the former, and the Borough Franchise for the latter. The Landed and the Personal interests were equally taken care of. The inhabitants of cities, towns, and sea-ports, linked with the great body of their agricultural fellow-commoners, who supply their markets and form their principal customers, are included in the latter interest, and, as rather aspirants after, than possessors of, property, are called upon for no other qualification than that of honesty and industry, as implied in a recognised calling, and in connexion with a trading Guild.

He is an enemy to his country who would place in opposition the classes of society; the true citizen will love to reflect on and set forth, that harmonious union in which all orders of the state exist, or ought to exist, and by which the interests of each are identified with one another. The native lover of this great country will find no difficulty in demonstrating that, by the history and constitution of England, those interests are not opposed, as by some political socialists is erroneously taught, either in principle or fact, but that their strength and their continuance consist, and consist only, in unity of purpose and universality of relation. It is the One in All, and the All in One, in which every man feels himself safe in the security of his neighbour, and all gather assurance from the protection which each affords to the other. The very prohibition

* Debate in the House of Lords, Friday, Oct. 7th, 1831.

which prevents to any man the unlimited acquisition of liberty, or property, insures him the inviolable possession of that which he has already; any possibility of his proceeding without restriction in the path of attainment with regard to either would arm (and justly) his kind against him as a growing enemy, whom it would be lawful, as a measure of self-preservation, for every man to rise up against, and slay for the general benefit. Indeed, he could not be in such a situation without an act of treason, which would, by law, be punishable with death. It was with an intense feeling of this inter-community, this common and indivisible interest, that Burke characterises what he calls "a natural aristocracy" as "the voice of a grand chorus of national harmony."

The two bases on which the right of individual suffrage is founded are industry and intelligence. Of industry, property may be taken as the exponent—of intelligence, the acknowledgement of religious faith. The scale, however, of either, should not be taken at too low a rate, lest the number of voices should be out of proportion to their quality, and injury result not only to the state in general, but to those by whom they have been made audible. He is the best friend of the less intelligent, who precludes them from doing injury either to themselves or others, in obedience to the impulse of low prejudice or narrow opinions. The right of suffrage should descend very low; so low that every thing ought to be open, but not indifferently to every man. Wherever a due degree of virtue and wisdom shall be actually found, let all have, in whatever state, condition, possession, or trade a clear stage (as they have the passport of heaven) to human place and honour. But the road to eminence and power, says our wisest legislator, from obscure condition, ought not to be made too easy, nor too much a thing of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honour ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be opened through virtue, let it be remembered too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle. The notion, moreover, of every man having a right, whatever his condition, physical or moral, to authority in rotation, or appointment by lot, cannot be for one moment admitted, because the man should be selected with a view to the duty, which no mode of election, operating in the spirit of sortition or rotation, has a tendency to consider.

Great as is the danger of a country's madly and impiously rejecting the ministry of the talents and virtues, civil, military, or religious, that are given to grace and to serve it; still more perilous is the opposite extreme to that nation which considers a low education, a mean contracted view of things, or a sordid mercenary occupation, as a preferable title to command.

A principle of exclusion must, therefore, obtain from the very necessity of the thing, and in order to good government. Political privileges cannot be granted to all, though they may be open to all, upon certain conditions. The son of Sirach draws the line of exclusion more strictly, perhaps, than in these days it would be advisable or expedient to observe it. The principle on which he proceeds implies that the labour of the craftsman, whatever it may testify of his industry, is such as to preclude the intelligence requisite to enable him to become, either as constituent or representative, a counsellor and legislator for the public weal. And

undoubtedly, in certain stages of civilisation, the classes alluded to, are incompetent to such privileges and duties. How they have gradually risen from this condition in England, is matter of history.

At the time of the conquest, the inhabitants of England were divided into five several classes—the barons, the free tenants, the free soccages, together with the villains and the slaves, who formed the great body of the people. With the annihilation of the ancient nobility, the Saxon people were reduced to villanage. Norman William distributed the whole kingdom to about seven hundred of his principal officers, who afterwards divided among their followers the spoils of the vanquished, on such precarious tenures, as secured the submission of the lower orders. The great charter of John made no alteration in public law, nor any innovation in private rights: and though it conferred additional security on the free, it gave little freedom to the slave. In the reign of Edward III., a considerable revolution appears to have taken place in the condition of labourers, who are accused by the legislature of preferring “their ease, and singular covetise,” to the ordinance of the king respecting certain regulations to be observed by labourers, and of withdrawing “to serve great men and others, unless they have wages and living to the double and treble of that they were wont to take the twentieth year of the king that now is.” The confirmation of these statutes (which were of a tyrannical kind) by Richard II., gave rise to the memorable rebellion of Tyler and Straw.

There existed in England, at the conquest, no *free hands*, or freemen, who worked for wages; since the scanty labour of times warlike and industrious was wholly performed by villains or by slaves. The latter, who composed a very numerous class, equally formed an object of foreign trade for ages after the arrival of the conqueror, who only prohibited the sale of them to infidels. But the slaves had happily departed from the land before the reign of Henry III. This we may infer from the law declaring, in 1225, “how men of all sorts shall be amerced;” and it* only mentions villains, freemen (though probably not in the modern sense), merchants, barons, earls, and men of the church. Another order of men is alluded to, rather than mentioned, during the same session, whom we shall find, in after times, rising to great importance, from their numbers and opulence: and a woollen manufacture was regulated by the Act† which required that, “there should be but one measure throughout the realm.”

During several reigns after the conquest, men laboured because they were slaves. For some years before the statutes for labourers of 1349 and 1350, men were engaged to labour, from a sense of their own freedom, and their own wants. It is extremely difficult to ascertain the time when villanage ceased in England, or even to trace its decline. The Edwards, during the pressure of their foreign conquests, certainly manumitted many of their former villains for money. Owing to the previous paucity of inhabitants, the numerous armies, which, for almost a century, desolated the nation, amidst our civil wars, must have been necessarily composed of the lower ranks; and we may reasonably suppose, that the men, who had been brought from the drudgery of slavery,

* 9 Henry III. c. 14.

† 9 Henry III. c. 25.

to contend as soldiers for the honour of nobles, and the rights of kings, would not readily relinquish the honourable sword for the meaner ploughshare. The church and the law, moreover, were not ready in enforcing the master's claim to the servitude of his villains; and, in the progress of events, it was discovered that the purchased labour of free-men was more productive than the listless and ignoble toil of slaves.

There were accordingly few villains in England at the accession of Henry VII. A century before, the manufacturers of wool, with their attendant artificers, had fixed the seats of their industry in every county. Like his two immediate predecessors, that monarch turned the attention of the parliament to agriculture and manufacture, to commerce and navigation, because he found the current of the national spirit already running toward all these salutary objects: hence, says Lord Bacon, "it was no hard matter to dispose and affect the parliament in this business."

The numerous laws that were enacted by the parliament of Henry VIII. for the paving of streets in various cities and villages, prove how much industry had gained ground on idleness, and that a desire of comfort had succeeded to the languor of sloth. But an absurd practice obtained very early, of promoting manufacture by monopoly instead of competition. Sir Thomas More's speech (if correctly reported), however, in the parliamentary debate of 1523, regarding the circulation of money, may be regarded as an anticipation of a real science of political economy; a subject in which much yet remains to be effected; if the science itself be not, as we hold, yet to be desiderated. An Act of Philip and Mary obliged every parish, by four days' labour of its people, to repair its own roads. Indeed, agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, commerce, distant voyages, had all been begun, and made some progress, previous to the reign of Elizabeth; yet so little opulence had been accumulated by the people of England, that *that* princess was, on her accession, obliged to borrow several very small sums of money in Flanders, which had grown rich by its industry.

The Act of 5th of Elizabeth, c. 4, contains orders for artificers, labourers, servants of husbandry, and apprentices—villains had ceased to be objects of legislation. It recites, "that the wages and allowances, rated in former statutes, are in divers places too small, and not answerable to this time, respecting the advancement of all things belonging to the said servants and labourers." Another Act declares, that "great multitudes of cottages were daily more and more increasing in many parts of this realm." The system of villanage being now quite suspended, that of the poor laws became necessary; part of the old leaven, however, remained in the provisions that confined the labourer to the place of his birth.

The two and twenty years of uninterrupted peace, during the reign of James I., produced the most salutary effect on the industry of the people, which was further promoted by the Act against monopolies, and foreign commerce was extended by the law enabling all persons to trade with Spain, Portugal, and France. The agricultural interests of the nation were insured by the Act for confirming the possession of copyholders; and still more, by the law for the general quiet of the subject, against all pretence of dormant claims on the land, which had descended from remote ancestors to the then possessors. Nor was the shipping

interest neglected. Honest Stowe asserts, that "it would, in time, be incredible, were there not due mention made of it, what great increase there is, within these few years, of commerce and wealth throughout the kingdom; of the great building of royal and mercantile ships; of the re-peopling of cities, towns, and villages; besides the sudden augmentation of fair and costly buildings." The great measure of the reign of James was, the settlement of colonies beyond the Atlantic. An equally flattering picture is exhibited of the condition of England during the peaceful years of Charles I.

Previous to this reign, the people had but occasionally contributed to the necessities of the state. Before the end of the civil wars, however, the taxes which they had paid had amounted to the enormous sum of £95,512,095; the price of all things was accordingly raised, and the legal interest of money reduced. The resources of the country were now discovered, and the restoration of Charles II. induced the people to transfer the energy of which they had been found capable, to the profitable occupations of peace. The several manufactures and new productions of husbandry that were introduced from foreign countries, before the revolution, not only formed a new epoch, but evinced a vigorous application to the useful arts, in the intermediate period. Highways, turnpikes, rivers, navigation, foreign trade, all were regulated by law; while the change of manners led to marriages between the higher and middle ranks. The gentry, and even the younger branches of the nobility, by apprenticing their sons to merchants, invigorated traffic by their greater capitals, and extended its operations by their superior knowledge. Never, in any former age, did the commerce and riches of England increase so fast as in the busy period between the restoration and the revolution.

During the war of the revolution, England suffered great debility. The practice of hoarding in times of distrust prevents circulation, an evil which was greatly augmented by the disorders of the coin. The Government issued tallies of wood for the supplying of specie. To crown these disasters, if we may believe the ministers of William, "Nobody knew one day what a House of Commons would do the next." In this state of things, we need not wonder that our trade complained of want of protection. But when the pressure of war was removed, it rebounded with augmented energy. Meantime, internal traffic flourished. In 1689, the manufactures of copper and brass were revived rather than introduced. The Sword-blade Company, which settled in Yorkshire, "brought over foreign workmen." The French refugees improved the fabrics of paper and of silk, especially the lute-strings and a-la-modes; which were so much encouraged by Parliament that the weavers, being greatly increased in numbers as well as in insolence, before the year 1697, raised a tumult in London, against the wearers of East India manufactures. The establishment of the Bank of England, in 1694, by facilitating public and private circulation, produced all the salutary effects that were originally foretold. By giving encouragement to fisheries, in 1695, a hardy race must have been greatly multiplied; and by encouraging, in 1696, the making of linens, subsistence was given to the young and the old.

From the Peace of Ryswick to the accession of Queen Anne, the foreign traffic and navigation of England doubled. Public credit revived,

and the productive capital and annual gains of the people were greater at the commencement of her reign than they had been during the preceding or any former period, and continued still to increase, notwithstanding the greatness of our imposts and the magnitude of our debts.

The practice of borrowing, on behalf of the State, had commenced with the pressures of King William's reign. This policy was continued and extended during the wars of Anne. In this debt, though due by the nation in its collective capacity, individual creditors had acquired a large capital, which, besides yielding an annual profit, was commodious for all the uses of life, since it could be easily pledged or transferred. It enabled landowners to improve their estates; manufacturers to carry on their business; traders to extend their commerce; and the whole people to pay their taxes. The industrious classes, in particular, derived advantage from the active motion which it gave to the circulating value of all things. No greater proof of the general prosperity of English commerce, during the reigns of Anne and the first George, can be given than the great growth of its manufacturing towns—such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham.

The debt, which was left at the demise of Queen Anne, remained undiminished in its capital at that of George I., though the annuity payable on it had been lessened about a million. An additional debt had been, meanwhile, incurred. But the current of wealth which had flowed into the nation, during the obstructions of war, continued a still more rapid course, on the return of peace. The taxes produced abundantly, because an industrious people were able to consume liberally. The establishment of the corporation of the Free British Fishery, in 1750, must have promoted population; and the Voluntary Society, which was entered into, in 1754, for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, must have animated the passion for experiment. The genius of English commerce prospered amidst the hostilities which succeeded a captious peace. The consumption of the great body of the people was not lessened in consequence of the war; but there was, on the contrary, an increase of revenue, without an addition of duties. Other countries suffered innumerable calamities. England cultivated, unmolested, her manufactories, her fisheries, and her commerce, to an amount which has been the wonder and admiration of the world. When, by the treaty of Paris, entire freedom was again restored to foreign commerce, the traders once more sent out adventures of a still greater amount, to every quarter of the world, though the nation was supposed to be strained by too great an exertion of her powers. So little reason is there to fear, even though apprehended equally by a Hume and a Blackstone, that the magnitude of our national incumbrances far exceeds all calculation of commercial benefit. Let it be granted that enormous taxes have been raised upon the necessities of life, for the payment of the interest of the Debt. Hitherto, it has not been found that those taxes have weakened the internal strength of the State, by anticipating the resources, which should be reserved to defend it in time of need. While one class of subjects are fighting abroad, do not those classes which stay at home acquire more occupation for their industry; and those find work who would otherwise be without it? ENGLAND WITH AN INDUSTRIOUS POPULATION HAS NEVER REASON TO FEAR WAR at any time; only let the cause be

just. A truth this, expedient at the present day to be borne in mind. But to return.

Having carried conquest over the hostile powers of the earth by her arms, Great Britain next saved Europe from bankruptcy, by the superiority of her opulence, and the disinterestedness of her spirit. The failures, which happened at Berlin, at Hamburg, and in Holland, during July, 1763, owing to the prevalence of depreciated coinage, communicated dismay and distrust to every commercial town on the European continent. It was at this crisis, that the British traders showed the greatness of their capitals, the extent of their credit, and their disregard of either loss or gain, while the mercantile world seemed to pass away like a winter's cloud. They trusted correspondents, whose situations were extremely unstable, to a greater amount than they had ever ventured to do in the most prosperous times; and made very large remittances to those commercial cities where the deepest distress was supposed to prevail, from the determination of the wealthiest bankers to suspend the payment of their own acceptances. The Bank of England, also, discounted bills to a great amount, when every bill was suspected; and the British government, with a wise policy, actuated and supported all.

The resources of Britain arise chiefly from the labour of Britain, and it might be easily shown that there never existed, in this island, so many *industrious people* as at the return of peace in 1763. The withdrawal by many of these, who neglected the possessions of their fathers for a portion of wilderness beyond the Atlantic, of millions of productive capital from the agriculture, and manufactures, and trade of Great Britain, to cultivate the ceded islands in the other hemisphere, must have enfeebled a less vigorous land. Fortunately, however, for Britain, there is a spirit in her industry, an increase in the accumulations of her industrious classes, and a prudence in the economy of her individual citizens, which have raised her to greatness, and sustained her power, notwithstanding the waste of wars, the blunders of treaties, and the tumults in peace. The people prospered at the commencement of the reign of George III. They prospered still more when our colonies revolted—nay, whatever may be said, or appear to the contrary, notwithstanding our wars and our debts, they prosper still. During every operation of finance and war, the gains of our enterprising people have been beyond calculation. Commerce has been enlarged—ships have accumulated—the surface of the island has been improved.

The resources of a nation which thus, in spite of the pressures of conflict, and the infelicities of seasons, possesses all the means of acquiring wealth, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, shipping, are almost inexhaustible. Its wealth has been obtained by industry amidst wars, taxes, and debts. Every war has left the people more industry—more manufactures—more commerce, and more wealth, than they enjoyed at the commencement. Besides, here the foe never sets his foot, never profanes our hearths, or our altars. Every one, during war itself, pursues his avocations, as if hostilities did not exist. Our agricultures, manufactures, and trade, run on in their several channels—public as well as private works, which, at any rate in the expense bestowed upon them, and sometimes in merit, emulate the Roman labours, are carried on, with as little interruption amidst “fierce alarms,” as if “the European world lay hushed in peace.”

War, too, calls forth appropriate energies, and unfolds mysterious powers. Like necessity, it is the mother of invention. Our present manufacturing system is the child of the conflict, which it enabled our nation to support. Only by the skill in machinery, which that system produced, were we enabled to send out every year myriads of brave men and millions of specie, to deliver Europe from the yoke of military despotism. Still war is an evil; and but for war, England might have been greater still. The discovery of steam, however, may, as the laureated Southey, in his *Colloquies*, predicts, "do more towards the prevention of war than any or all other causes. If, on the one hand, neither walls nor ramparts can withstand a continuous shower, or rather stream, of bullets impelled against them by steam, on the other, such modes of defence by the same great agent are to be devised, that the open city may be rendered more secure from assailants than the strongest fortresses are at this time. Minds like that of Archimedes will now have means at command equal to their capacity, and to their desires. And men will not be induced by any motives to face such engines as may be brought into the field. This will first be felt in maritime war, in which there is reason to apprehend, that a change as great and not so gradual, as that which the introduction of cannon occasioned, will soon be brought about. The empire of the seas will be to be fought for; but the same qualities whereby we have won it in the old mode of warfare, will again win it for us in the new. Bring into the battle what weapons you may, it is by the arm of flesh and the heart of proof that the victory must be decided. I fear nothing for England from foreign enemies! There is, however, an end to naval war, if it be made apparent that, whenever two ships engage, one, if not both, must inevitably be destroyed. And this is within the reach of our present science. The chemist and mechanist will succeed where moralists and divines have failed."

In the order of progression implied in these historical recitals, the population of England has become, it must be confessed, more and more worthy of being the recipients of political power. Only in such proportion can they have become a People. The distinction between a mere Population and a People must be borne strictly in mind. Wandering tribes are no people—neither a stationary population, until brought into a church-estate of existence. A body of *irreligious men* is not entitled to—cannot sustain—the character. In Scripture terms, they who are not God's people are no people. The Matter is there out of which to constitute a people, but it is in a chaotic state. The Form is yet to be induced. It is Religion only which can give that Form, and its presence is required as an exponent of the Intelligence which, equally with Industry, is expected of him whose voice is demanded in the councils of the state.

This required exponent of intelligence may exist with very different degrees of knowledge; for it is the moral life which is thereby regarded rather than the amount of intellectual acquisition. This kind of intelligence is consistent with the severest degree of labour, and the exercise of the strictest duties of the social life. Indeed it is at one with them, and supposed by them in all their operations. Modern religionists have not sufficiently considered this view of the subject. It was, however,

well understood by the elder divines of the church of England. In harmony with this principle, the constitution of England never, previous to the Reform Act, required any other qualification for political privileges than that the candidate should have conformed to the ordinances of the church, and have proved that he had acquired the rights of one "whom the truth had made free," by having secured his own independence in the industrious acquisition of freehold property, or performed his relative social duties, as testified by his union with some public corporation recognised by the state. In these qualifications, by whomsoever possessed, or whatever his condition in life, it determined the required coincidence of intelligence and industry to reside. Such an one is of the People—all others are yet of the Population. Though admitted into the church, they have neglected to complete their connection either with it, or with the state, in the offices and duties of which only can the *practical* effect, and realisation of religious Faith be embodied and apprehended.

It must, however, be confessed that, in the course of time, other modes have arisen of manifesting the relation which every individual bears to the state. Since the time of Elizabeth and Charles I., that relation is especially marked by the share which a subject may directly contribute to the public burthens in the payment of the assessed taxes and the poor rates. By the payment of the latter, he is at once taken out of the class of the dependent. But, in the same progress of society, a stricter degree of intelligence has been required in the candidate for political privileges, than what is implied by a man's success in his business. A higher rate of intelligence is reasonably sought, than what is necessary to enable a man to fulfil the ordinary relations of life with so much religion as is implied in a prudential course of conduct; and truly, though the intellectual man is not necessarily a religious man, yet the standard of religious morality increases with the degree of intellectual acquisition. The religious man who is intellectual, is the more religious for being so; and, "for the soul to be without knowledge is not good," even when piously disposed. Moreover, the man should be fitted for the duty he is expected to perform. The civil interests of mankind, in an advanced state of society, are of a very complex character; and they who are called upon to decide thereon, whether remotely or directly, should be of competent information. Not only moral intelligence is required, but the knowledge of good and evil; that they may eschew the one and adopt the other, in relation equally to the affairs of the public and their own.

Hence Burke has laid it down as a rule, that nothing is a due and adequate representation of a state, that does not represent its ability as well as its property. But we are inclined to think that he errs in divorcing between them so largely as he does. Ability, he says, is a vigorous and active principle, but property is sluggish, inert, and timid; therefore it can never be safe from the invasions of ability, unless it be, out of all proportion, predominant in the representation. It must be represented, too, he contends, in great masses of accumulation, or it is not rightly protected. Now we are ready to admit, that the characteristic essence of property, formed out of the combined principles of its acquisition and conservation is to be unequal, and that the great masses,

therefore, which excite envy and tempt rapacity, must be put out of the possibility of danger. But we apprehend that no such distinction is made between property and ability in the actual constitution of the country. Property is not thereby supposed to be the opposite of ability, but rather its exponent. Without ability, it could not have been acquired; without ability, it cannot be maintained. The state can have, in the first instance, no pledge for a man's capacity to do it service, other than his capacity to serve himself. He who has not been successful in the little, how shall he be entrusted with the much? No; it is not that sort of ability which is armed against property—not that rapacity which is envious of the great masses of accumulation—which the State requires; but that ability which supposes property, or is induced upon it. It asks, or should ask, for the complex conditions of an advanced stage of society—for ability of a higher grade than is merely necessary for private acquisition or prudential preservation—but, at any rate, it demands that degree and kind of moral power.

This is, indeed, all the state can require—it can deal only with the kind—the degree of merit is a subject of individual animadversion. It is the philosopher who would elevate the political recipient into a higher form of manhood, and fit him, in the very last appointments of wisdom, for the duties which the state has imposed upon him. The duties of a member of parliament, it is said, are great—to be a good member of parliament is no easy task. But it is not sufficiently inculcated, that the duties of a constituent are also great, and that to become a good one, requires art and pains. Political knowledge comes not by inspiration; yet it is well that the constituent, even as his representative, should consider that he is but a “member of perhaps a rich commercial city”—that that city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate—that that nation is but a part of a great empire, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and of the west—that all these widespread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled, if possible. He should reflect, that he is a member of a free country; and that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing, but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable:—a member of a great and ancient monarchy, and he should therefore feel solicitous to preserve religiously the true legal rights of the sovereign, which form the keystone that binds together the noble and well constructed arch of our empire and our constitution.” The information which all this implies should be within the reach of the People, whose voice is to be as the oracle of heaven. But, until very lately, the education received by the great body of electors in this country has been utterly incompetent to furnish them with any thing like the knowledge requisite; and to such of them as belong to the labouring class, that “opportunity of leisure,” which the son of Sirach demands as the condition of “the wisdom of a learned man,” is denied from the cradle to the coffin.

It is observed by the eloquent Coleridge, that “those institutions of society which would condemn me to the necessity of twelve hours' daily toil, would make my soul a slave, and sink the rational being in the mere animal.” Mr. Godwin has also, in his “Thoughts on Man,” devoted an essay to the subject of leisure, and shown how advantageous it

is to the developement of the intellectual character. On Mr. Godwin we look as an adversary—but we are not of those who disdain to learn wisdom, even from an enemy.

The ends of leisure this writer supposes to be promoted by convivial meetings at the public-house—but they might be much better answered by mechanic and agricultural institutions, if properly conducted on conservative principles, and other similar associations, for the exercise and improvement of the intellectual powers among all classes of persons. Still, however, sufficient leisure is not accorded, in this country, to *any class*; and yet, owing to the introduction of machinery, leisure in abundance might be accorded to the operative. Labour being less in demand, many hands are thrown out of work. How much better would it be to divide the labour which exists among all the hands, and, by employing all, give to every one a share of labour. But machinery is altogether perverted from the substantial good which it might effect, by the accidental evil which accompanies its introduction.

Since the invention of machinery, as things desirable to have can be made more easily and abundantly than before, it would be reasonably expected that the people should get the benefit of such surplus supply. Over-production ought to be beneficial. If there be more clothes made than people can wear, no one ought to be in rags; if less labour be required, every man ought to have more leisure to cultivate his moral and intellectual being. It is to be hoped that the education which is almost universally diffused, will correct the evil which, in all the improvements of society, has been transitory, while the good remains permanently. Education will instruct every man how to make these advantages of an inventive age available to individual enjoyment, instead of being, as they now are, engines of oppression in the hands of the selfish, and the occasion of distress to the ignorant.

All improvement, hitherto, has been never for the generation that is, but for that which is to come. But this need not be, if legislation kept pace with the progress of invention. Provision should be immediately made by the State for those thrown out of employment, and they should be rendered participant of the common benefit by a public act.

Too much, indeed, under the present systems of government, is left to private exertion and to private interest. Government is too fearful of exercising a *paternal* character. Those who, for the public good, fall a sacrifice to new invention, should be taken up into the care of the State, and provided with the improved means of production. They should not be suffered to lose their hold on society; and since, through the operation of machinery, their ordinary labours have been suspended by which they were able to get food and clothing, they should be provided, at they public expense, with the machinery whereby they might still procure them.

We have said, at the public expense—but in fact, such a plan might be carried into execution without any ultimate expense at all. A commission might be delegated to ascertain the number and condition of persons whom, in a certain district, mechanical invention had deprived of employment: of these a community might be formed, provided with machinery for the benefit of the whole; and since all the hands would not be wanted to work it, even with due allowance of leisure for self-improvement to those actually employed, those not otherwise engaged

might be set over the polity of the community, and cater, by attention to a small library or a school of instruction, for the intellectual improvement of the rest. The quantity of produce sent forth from the machine, might be made to exceed considerably the immediate necessities of those dependent on it; and, besides in time paying the first outlay of the institution accumulate a joint stock capital for the future purposes of the company. Government, by thus taking advantage of the new powers developed in the progress of society, might rear up a race of respectable families, whose religious as well as worldly welfare might be secured, by thus connecting them with the state. This plan, we repeat, would cost *nothing* in the end, but would pay itself, while it prevented distress and crime, and promoted industry, intelligence, and virtue. As things are permitted to be, these families are an expense—they come upon the poor rates.

But this plan would increase the numbers of the people, and the political economists of modern times no longer look upon the number of a people as the wealth of a state. But we leave such men as the late Mr. Sadler to battle the watch with these calculators of the means of subsistence, against the level of which it is fit that population should continually press, that by elevating such level, it may urge society through advancing stages of prosperity, by the strong and resistless hand of necessity. Upon the theory of Malthus we never could bring ourselves to reason. We *felt* it to be false. We never could *believe* that the Author of Nature had so disproportioned the means to the end, that his prime creature, man, should be commanded to increase and multiply in a globe whose limits were too small, whose measure of sustenance was deficient.

But population has never yet exceeded the limits and means of the earth. Nature has been no niggard—she has been prodigal in her gifts. The God of Nature has been no miser, and still continues bounteous in his promises, and blessed in his Providence. Has not man ever had enough, and to spare? A luxurious animal—to him every luxury has been awarded. Little has been denied either to his body or mind. His wants, as an animal, his desires, as an intellectual being, have been gratified. As the first, life, and the means of life, have been granted to him. As the second, immortality has been presented to his prophetic hopes, and the method provided to his religious faith. Earth has hitherto been sufficient for the sustenance of the one, and Heaven is promised to perfect the other. With an increase of population, much exceeding that of former ages, man yet has a superfluity—not only sufficient for his wants, but more, infinitely more, than sufficient for his luxury. In this country, now, the consumption is less than the supply. Our insular situation would most probably have subjected us to the apprehended inconvenience long ere this, had it been in the nature of things, and so written in the laws of nature. Ere this, we should have crushed each other to atoms, or pushed the outermost into the ocean. Even then there had been the ocean for a home—a nation—a kingdom—a people—a liquid road for the majestic ship, a town upon the waters, moving with a buoyant colony upon the heaving bosom of the great deep. The sea-breeze sings in our shrouds a song of triumph over the theory of Malthus—the waves laugh in their beauty—in the face of Harriet Martineau.

THE PEOPLE ARE THE WEALTH OF A NATION. Being all dependent on each other, every man is the support to his fellow. Such is the wise constitution of society. Further, the people are not only the wealth, but THE STRENGTH, THE BEAUTY, THE WISDOM of a nation. Shall we, for the feeble argumentation, and iniquitous logomachy of the Malthusians, resign this support—throw away these Riches, like pearls to swine—mar this Beauty—enfeeble this Strength—despise this Wisdom? It were folly—impotence—the odiousness of theory—the poverty of philosophy—the abandonment of hope and faith! Shall we, for their absurd sophisms, break a positive and Divine command—task Providence with carelessness—Nature with extravagance—and the God of Nature with folly? For such mere words, shall we avoid beauty as a loathsome thing, or make it one,—“loveless, joyless, unendeared”—and crush or preclude, in the loins of the present, the Shakspeare, or Milton, or Newton, of a future generation?

And by whom is beauty to be avoided? In whose loins is the seed of genius to be crushed? Name it not, Charity! Hear it not, Religion! See it not, Heaven! The POOR—the POOR—the POOR MAN is to resign the only enjoyment in his power! In poverty, yea, under circumstances of total privation, wedded love may exist, and bless both man and woman :---

If Love can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think—think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!

Is the poor man's wilderness to be deprived of this blessing, and the Cashmere of the rich to possess it, in addition to every other? Are the rich and great to marry, and be given in marriage, but the poor man's life to be a desolation, and he a blasted barren tree, whereon no sun ever shines, no dew ever falls, whereof no fruit can ever proceed?

It would not be for the benefit of a country that this should be so. Progressive civilisation, more or less, brings on corruption. Providence aforetime provided a fresh supply of rude barbarian virtue, which it poured out, like the waters of the Nile, to freshen and invigorate the worn-out soils of ancient states. There is a large supply of this barbarian virtue still existing in the lower dregs of population in this country, even among its rabble, its criminals. The very *energy* which leads to crime is in itself good; of which good might be made, if to legislators might be given knowledge, and governments would listen to wise counsel. Our transports have become already the fathers of mighty states in the new world; and the same men might have been colonised without guilt or punishment, had a better feeling, or a more generous Providence animated the mighty of the earth, towards those whom they have degraded by the terms, “the labouring poor,”* or towards those who were poor without labour.

* Burke is very indignant on this topic: “The vigorous and laborious class of life,” says he, “has lately got, from the *bon ton* of the humanity of this day, the name of the *labouring poor*. We have heard many plans for the relief of the *labouring poor*. This puling jargon is not as innocent as it is foolish; in meddling with great affairs weakness is never innoxious. Hitherto the name of *poor* (in the sense in which it is used to excite compassion,) has not been used for those who can, but for those who cannot labour—for the sick and infirm, for orphan infancy, for languishing and decrepid age; but when we affect to pity as poor, those who must labour, or the world cannot exist, we are trifling with the condition of mankind. It is the

It is not our place, in this paper, to discuss the question of the efficacy of capital punishments, or, indeed, of any punishment; it might easily be proved, and has been proved, that they are of no avail against the goads of necessity, or the pride of lawless courage. It is the part of a wise government to prevent crime rather than to punish it. A wise government would provide for the moral education and religious instruction of every individual under its care; it would not wait until application was made by those by whom such aids were wanted, because it would know that such persons are the last to discover their wants; but it would provide responsible ministers, to seek out those who "were in the hedges and lanes and by the way-side." Neither did our constitution, as anciently established, neglect this necessary duty. For this purpose it set apart an order of men, who were commissioned to preach the Gospel to the poor. For this purpose it appointed a Church, and laid its foundation broad and deep. It desired that it might take root in the *soil*, and provided that its spires should ascend, in calm grandeur, pointing towards heaven! From certain causes, these designs failed of perfect success; but the praise of good intentions must be awarded to the projectors.

For this, at least, our forefathers must be commended; they never conceived so infamous a design as shutting out any man from the state on account of his want or deficiency of property. All that they guarded against was the unfair preponderance of the *greater number*, composing the aspiring classes, who, in all matters decided by a majority, would be *numerically* stronger than the professing classes, unless some arrangement were made by which their *numerical strength* should be fairly balanced. This was attempted by the selecting, in the least invidious manner, from the more populous order of a certain *proportionate* number, so that, not by mere numbers, but rather by the collision of

common doom of man that he must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, that is, by the sweat of his body or by the sweat of his mind. If this toil was inflicted as a curse, it is, as might be expected, from the curse of the Father of all blessings—it is tempered with many alleviations, many comforts. Every attempt to fly from it, and to refuse the very terms of our existence, becomes much more truly a curse; and heavier pains and penalties fall upon those who would elude the tasks which are put upon them, by the great Master Workman of the world, who, in his dealings with his creatures, sympathises with their weakness, and, speaking of a Creation wrought by mere will out of nothing, speaks of six days of *labour*, and one of *rest*. I do not call a young man healthy in his mind, and vigorous in his arms, I cannot call, such a man *poor*; I cannot pity my kind, as a kind, merely because they are men. This affected pity only tends to dissatisfy them with their condition, and to teach them to seek resources where no resources are to be found, in something else than their own industry, and frugality, and sobriety. Whatever may be the intention (which, because I do not know, I cannot dispute), of those who would discontent mankind by this strange pity, they act towards us, in the consequences, as if they were our worst enemies."

Again :—

"Nothing can be so base and so wicked as the political canting language, 'the labouring poor.' Let compassion be shown in action, the more the better, according to every man's ability, but let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their miserable circumstances; it is only an insult to their miserable understandings. It arises from a total want of charity, or a total want of thought. Want of one kind was never relieved by want of any other kind. Patience, labour, sobriety, frugality, and religion, should be recommended to them all, the rest is downright *fraud*. It is horrible to call them 'the once happy labourer.'"

intellectual forces, the result should be determined. No method less invidious, and more just in principle, could have been adopted, than to declare, as qualified individuals, such only as had taken care to secure a recognised rank in the social order, as members of a legally constituted body, pledged to the state for the Encouragement of Industry, and Talent, and the Production of Wealth.

It seems not to be known generally that the division of the counties, adopted by the Whig Reform Ministry, is an *old radical plan*. It is proposed by Jeremy Bentham, in the work from which we have already quoted. Says he:—

“In any all-comprehensive advance made towards this species of equalisation (he is speaking of what he calls Practical Equality of Suffrage) would evidently be included the breaking down of the several counties, each into two or more *less extensive* electoral districts.

“In no edition of *moderate reform* have I been able to observe any such decomposition advocated. By Mr. Brand—whose edition, together with that which was once *Earl Grey's*, may be stated as being the two by which the advances made towards *radical* reform were most extensive—this decomposition is, indeed, distinctly brought to view, but no less distinctly is an *exclusion* put upon it,” &c.

From the violent opposition which this part of the measure, on its original introduction, met with from the fourth estate, it would appear that Time, the great innovator, had not passed by even the democratic party, but had introduced changes even into the “spirit of their dream.” By-the-bye, the stale argument, that Time was the great innovator, and made changes necessary, was used by Lord Brougham, in his celebrated speech, on the occasion alluded to. We wonder that his Lordship did not recollect that this stale remark is placed by Bentham among the fallacies which he condemns, as may be seen upon reference to the *Book of Fallacies*, pages 148--153. It is, however, one so frequently adduced, that it deserves some consideration.

This so called fallacy is only such by reason of the way in which it is applied—in itself the assertion is true. It is true that *Time is the arch innovator*; but it is an incorrect application of its truth to assume, therefore, that a proposed measure “is in fact no change; its sole effect being either to prevent a change, or to bring the matter back to the good state in which it formerly was.” The axiom, nevertheless, is capable of a correct application. What? Why this---that the wisdom of ages producing silent revolutions in states, has rendered unnecessary any explicit change in constitutions by legislative enactment. They talk of the Tories being wedded to old prejudices, resisting improvements, and rejecting the teachings of time! Why it is they, themselves, who, by their own confession, are guilty of these charges. It is they who wish to break down all that Time has built up, to abrogate all the changes that Time has introduced, and go back to a period when the soil was barren and houseless, or while as yet our institutions were inchoate, or but half-formed. Time, while it has increased the strength of the democracy, has also built up checks and barriers against its undue spread and fatal over-balance; and these wise-acres, who hail with joy the maxim that “Time is the arch innovator,” disdain to listen to his counsel, and will have none of his reproof. No—they care only to undo the wise

work of his heaven-directed hands, and their cry---their only cry---is *overturn! overturn! overturn!*

Yes, Time is the arch-innovator! and it is decreed that the institutions of society shall, for the purposes of improvement, continually undergo a process of change. But Time does his work like an artist—he is a genius in his way—and his productions are unsusceptible of improvement. To this law of nature and of society, the human mind is conformed, by a sort of pre-established harmony; and hence the idea of Progression is inherent in every awakened understanding. But this idea is, in general, without form and void. It *possesses* the many, but *is possessed* by few. In the former, it operates like madness; driving them on, as by an obscure feeling (the obscure feelings are always the strongest), to seek refuge in whatever schemes may, in its name, be broached by more interested, though not more ambitious, madmen than themselves. To them reform is but change, and every change reform. They look not at the details of any measure; it is sufficient for them that it is something new. However much, nevertheless, we may deprecate this blindness, we cannot but respect the sentiment; yea, the exhibition of a whole People possessed with an idea, though vaguely apprehended, is a grand and noble spectacle. It partakes of a sublimity and beauty, which cannot fail to charm the philosophic mind. We looked on the passed political contest, and shall look on that which will attend any great and important measure of Church Reform, with high emotions of reverence for our countrymen. Nay, in spite of the excesses of which some were, and will again be guilty, we have never ceased, and shall not cease, to admire the power and the magnificence of the Idea by which they were, and are, and will be influenced. We see also in it that which, when properly regulated and understood, is destined to lead all states on to ultimate perfection. But we call upon all men, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, before they pronounce any particular Measure, whether in church or state (for the state machine will be yet remodelled) to be a Reform or not, to examine well into its details, to be satisfied whether it will guide to good government or not; and, above all, to reject it, if it should conduce, in the least degree—for a week, a day, or an hour—to the subversion of government, whether ecclesiastical or civil, in the abstract. A bad government is better than none, whether despotic or limited; a truth so readily to be acknowledged, that Grotius makes the evident care, which Heaven has taken for the preservation of governments, an argument in favour of the existence of a Divine Providence.*

* We cannot conclude better than, by way of note, in the words of that great author:—

“*Providentiæ divinæ circa res hominum non leve argumentum et Philosophi et historici agnoscunt in conversatione rerum publicarum: primum universim, quod ubicunque ordo ille regendi parendique receptus est, manet semper: deinde sæpe etiam specialiter in longa duratione hujus aut illius formæ imperii, per multa sæcula, ut regii apud Assyrios, Ægyptios, Francos; optimatum apud Venetos. Quamquam enim humana sapientia aliquid in hoc potest: tamen, si recte consideretur multitudo malorum hominum, et quæ extrinsecus nocere possint, et agnatæ quasi rebus vicissitudines, non videtur tam diu imperium aliquod posse subsistere, nisi peculiari quadam Divini Numinis curâ, quæ evidentius etiam spectatur, ubi Deo visum est mutare imperia. Nam quibus ille, tum ad eam rem, tanquam sibi destinatam, in-*

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

(FROM THE AURORA MSS.)

IF we look only at the beginning and the end of a career of infamy and wickedness, the space that is passed over appears a gulph, which the delinquent has overleapt at a single bound. But if we examine into the particulars of an individual life, we shall seldom fail to find, that the interval has been passed and the goal attained step by step, by little and little, from good to bad, from bad to worse. The pride of human reason may whisper in our ears, that *We* can never become like the guilty Edith, whose career we have been portraying, but as poor Ophelia says,

"We know what we are—but we know not what we may be."—*Anon.*

CHAPTER I.

'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.—*Wordsworth.*

EDITH HAMILTON was a beauty—a blonde of the most exquisite delicacy—a violet, breathing its sweetness beneath the shadow of village innocence, unseen, unsullied and unknown; her mother had lived in the service of the lady of the manor, and contracted notions above the station in life which she held; above all things, it was her pride, that Edith should be *educated*. Alas! how many mothers, like her, look upon education as a measure rather than a means,—as an end, not a beginning;—and alas! how many, like Edith, live to suffer for it.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful evening,—the sun shone with a warmth and mellowness unusual to England—the air was fresh, and all nature seemed beautiful, but in the cottage of the Hamiltons every thing was otherwise;—a stranger passing it might have thought it the home of happiness; it was the abode of death. Edith's mother was dying—the red tints of declining day fell with a sickly aspect, through the window curtains, into a chamber scrupulously neat and clean,—homely yet comfortable: it was the room Mrs. Hamilton had slept in for years, and now her husband, her child, her friends, were around her—but care was on every face; for

strumentis utitur, puta Cyro, Alexandro, Cæsare dictatore, apud Tartarus Cingis apud Sinenses Namcaa: his anima etiam quæ ab humana prudentia non pendent fluunt supra votum magis quam fert solita casibus humanis varietas: quæ tanta eventuum similitudo, et ad certum finem quasi conspiratio, indicium est providæ directionis. Nam in alea Venerium aliquotiis jacere casus esse potest: at centies si quis eundem jaciatur; nemo erit qui non hoc ab arte aliqua dicat proficisci."

respect and esteem were ever accorded to the Hamiltons, though wealth was not with them—and all were silent in grief. Edith was differently attired from those around her. She had been summoned from London to her mother's dying bed; and her travelling habiliments were not yet gone; and, as she knelt to receive the blessing of an anxious parent, her fashionable attire contrasted strikingly with the homely garb of her village friends. Hamilton himself was wholly wretched—to him his wife was life's greatest treasure; and when the doctor entered, his anxious look silently breathing more anxiety than words could compass,—his lips moving in silence, as if afraid to speak—his outstretched hand—all told how overpowering was his grief—how deep-seated his emotions.—Alas! there was no hope—a few short hours and this restless slumber would cease for ever! and Mrs. Hamilton was sensible of it, for she seemed to try to arouse herself now that Edith was come,—or as if she felt another tie to earth, whilst she clasped the hand of her child. There was silence indeed—the clear hum of the bees, returning laden with their spoils, and the occasional note of a feathered songster, fell deeper on the ear than all the sounds of animated humanity—for in death there is something so appalling—something that strikes home upon the hearts of all around—that they seem fearful of a sound, so silently do they await the coming of its final pang.

Edith was on her knees praying; supplicating heaven for a parent; and that parent was silently breathing her wishes to heaven for a child. O, the silence of this world, when removed far from the busy haunts of men, is beautiful indeed! It must be sweet to die in—at least sweeter than that noise which is all worldly. The dying woman spoke; and, though her words were slow and her voice faint, I could have heard them had they been softer. “Edith, my child,” said she, “I am going to leave you, and I thank God that He has left one to protect you—you have been my pride and my comfort—and though it pleases Him to take me from you, He will be a Parent and a Friend to all who love Him. Edith, dearest Edith, be a good girl,—be dutiful to your earthly father, and you shall be rewarded by your Father in heaven—could you tell, Edith, how I have loved you, and prayed for you, and thought about you when you have been far—far—away from me,—how I have thought about the temptations you will be exposed to—and how sorely you must be tried amidst the gaieties of the world; and then, Edith, I have thought if it should be as it now comes to pass,—that I should be taken away from you, and you should have no mother to counsel you, no friend to advise you, and your beauty should be a snare for temptations and peril. Then, Edith, think what a mother's fears have been. Forsake the gay world—be a friend to your father; he wants some one now to solace his old age, be good, and for my sake, Edith, do nothing that my spirit may not look upon.” The dying woman seemed almost exhausted—and although Edith essayed to speak, her tears choked her utterance; for a time sobs—brief, stifled sobs—and those only were audible,—then there was a brief silence: it lasted not long when the clergy-

man entered—he conferred for a moment with the doctor; and as he said in a low solemn voice, “Let us pray,”—every one present knelt humbly and reverently whilst he offered up a supplication to heaven for the sick, for the suffering woman, for the parent, for the child, for mercy unto her who was about to depart, and for grace unto them who were still left to contend against the vanities and passions of their mortal career—that the parent might be received into the heavenly rest of a blessed Redeemer,—that the child might follow her, and that they might all be reunited in a happier world where there shall be no more partings from those we love.

The pastor faltered as he administered the sacrament to the dying woman—he had known them long as an upright example of lovely merit; and much as he approved the principle which induced a lady to patronise the pretty Edith, he feared that from the school of frivolity and affectation, the heart could not escape to return as free and as pure as it had once rambled in the fields around her village home. Hamilton himself was overcome—lost in that deep-seated wretchedness of heart: that finds no sympathy in ostentatious compassion; and as his pastor and friend pressed his hand and bade him “be of good cheer, for not one sparrow fell to the ground without the knowledge of his heavenly Father,”—the old man did return that pressure, and would have spoken but he could not; for his voice failed him—and a tear ran down his furrowed cheek. For an hour the spirit of the dying woman flickered as if unwilling to depart. Her strength was ebbing fast: she looked as if she would speak, and took the hand of her child; but the silent motion of the lip, and the anxious eye were all that her dying energies were equal to. Edith had never witnessed aught like death before; and it bore down upon her with more poignancy, that the first she should ever witness was of that being she most loved; wildly pressing the hand of her mother to her lips, she prayed earnestly and sincerely, that this cup might pass from them; but with a sob she added, “Oh God, thy will be done!” and when she had ceased—that hand was stiff and lifeless, those eyes were glazed with the mists of eternity, that cheek was blanched with the pallid hue of death,—yes! the visitor of the mighty as well as the humble had summoned another spirit to the world unseen.

Words will but faintly picture out the sorrows of an everlasting parting; and they who had sought to soothe, retired to let the sufferers give vent to griefs they felt were exquisite. Edith and her father were alone; and the long dull silence of twilight was not broken by a word. Sometimes a half suppressed sob, a stifled sigh, or a tear fell upon the floor, and again all was still. Evening came, and then night; the minister returned, and offered to lead Hamilton from the chamber of death: but when he went up to the old man to rouse him from his lethargy, he shrunk back when he touched his hand, and he drew his own across his forehead as if to be certain of his consciousness; and again he laid hold of the hand that had fallen from his grasp—it was cold as marble—and, when he

procured a light, he found that from him too life had departed, for his spirit had sunk into sleep—and he was dead.

Edith Hamilton was an orphan.

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CHAP. II.

No, no, that picture suits thee not,

 Sketched for a maid of yore ;

She lives no more, or, darker lot !

 Her virtues live no more.

Wild flowers, they sought life's ruder air,

Contagious blastments met them there ;

Where is the maid—the virtues, where ?

 Thou art not she !—*Ismael Fitzadam.*

The Opera was crowded—Sontag in all her glory : the public conceived it impossible that higher glories could be achieved by the human voice ; and the acclamations of a proud and noble assemblage, the praise of the high-born and enraptured audience fell sweetly upon the gratified ears of the songsters, sated as they already were with almost superfluous commendation. In a box on the second tier, there sate a young female of surpassing loveliness ; she was neatly, yet so elegantly attired that she seemed to be of a different stamp from those around her. It was Edith Hamilton : at her side sate her lover, alas, a lover no longer ! Captain Marden : he was evidently proud of his companion ; and the battery of upturned glasses from fop's alley amused him ; for Marden was pleased that he could outvie every one in possessing so lovely a victim. To him it had been an easy conquest : how many such are constantly occurring ! how many more such *must* occur ! Mrs. Marden had taken Edith from a lowly station of innocent happiness : she had cultured the intellect, improved the taste, and embellished the understanding of the rustic ; but it was all superficial—much to adorn, but little to improve. In the humble situation for which providence had designed her, Edith might have been admired, contented, and happy. A fashionable education had implanted much good and much evil : it had placed the flowers of the hot-house on the brambles of the heath ; and although the plant had become more showy, it was less sweet. Mrs. Marden had chosen a fashionable school for her protegee, and her education was made up of accomplishments : there was, of course, a result of some good points, some bad ones. Of which, gentle reader, could fashion implant the most ?

On her parents' death, Edith had become the companion of her patroness. An introduction into society during this period, and the flattering commendations bestowed on her person, had rendered her presuming ; and after she had been initiated into the observances of fashionable life, Mrs. Marden was attacked with a severe and sudden illness that rendered her life despaired of in a few days. Her de-

pendent situation emboldened Captain Marden in his addresses to the favourite. Shall I say it, that for months he had secretly offered the incense of admiration at the altar of his victim, until Edith loved? He had offered her youth, beauty and unconquerable love: and before the remains of his mother were placed in the tomb, he had promised Edith his protection, or threatened to send her forth an insulted outcast into a harsh and cruel world. Edith had not a friend: she had no one to fly to, none to counsel her. On the one hand she saw the gratification of every wish; on the other, wretchedness and suffering. Here, she looked forward to the cold pity of a heartless world; and there she beheld the society and protection of one whom she loved, and who she fondly believed loved her. It was a task to decide; but with fashionable principles only, could she think twice? It was soon over. She had become a thing she had once hardly dared to think upon: she was the guilty object of a licentious passion; and on her first appearance at the opera, she was gratified at the sensation she produced; for she was talented, imaginative and vain. She had learned to think "whatever is, is right;" and she consoled herself in her infamy by a sophistry so specious!

There was another individual whose happiness was somewhat influenced by the fascinations of the beauty. It was Ryland Percival: he had been performing the duties of assistant to the parish doctor at C——, when he first saw Edith at her parents' funeral. He was struck with her beauty, captivated by her manners, and enraptured with her society. In a word, he was in love: yet before he had defined his passion, even to himself, Edith had departed for ever from C——; and many months elapsed before his duties allowed him to visit London. In that period, the decease of an uncle had placed a competence within his reach; and after many fruitless endeavours to discover the enslaver of his reason, he saw her at the opera on the evening of his first visit. The presence of Marden, whose character he knew, and the look of Edith, conjured up surmises that he hardly dared to think upon; for being possessed of strong feelings, he had cherished in secret a passion for the beauty, that now tinged his character with the melancholy sorrows of hope deferred. He hardly dared to believe that she had fallen: he could scarce trust his senses with a thought unworthy of one beloved; he waited therefore the conclusion of the performance that he might trace her home.

After a short and secret watching, Percival felt the dreadful conviction forced upon him, that she was fallen indeed. But who that ever loved can cherish harsh feelings against the object of that overwhelming passion? He knew her to be guilty in the eye of a world whose goodness is little but veiled guilt; yet he wished to know whether Edith was indeed the same, and he lingered at the door of the house till he saw Marden lead her to a carriage; and, waiting to catch the footman, he learned her address and retired.

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The scene was changed.—He was alone in a boudoir, whose meanest object was calculated to please. Edith's idea of the beau-

tiful had been carried into effect as far as limitless extravagance could conduce to perfection. The light fell through a painted window, and disclosed an assemblage of all that is coveted or admired: it was an apartment that contained every thing that could dazzle the senses or subdue the understanding. Books of the rarest beauty—pictures of the best schools—sculptures of the finest taste—and the boudoir opened into a conservatory, whose choice exotics made the air redolent with perfume. Percival looked around him with a pang. If Edith had been bought, she had certainly fetched a price: but alas! what price can redeem a ruined soul? and as he listened to the rippling of water and the warbling of birds, he lamented that one so favoured should now be degraded to be only the minister to illicit desire. He shuddered when he thought of the prostitution of so much taste; and he was lost in thought when Edith entered. She was changed, though still the same—more lovely perhaps, though less innocent. She saluted him as a friend; and, as she reverted to old times, a tear trembled in her eye, and Percival's voice was less strong than usual. He felt the early wounds of his heart were already opened. Bleeding forth a flood of anguished feelings, and seizing her hand, he imprinted one kiss upon her cheek, breathed one "God bless you!" and tore himself away.

CHAP. III.

I ne'er without a sigh beheld the tear
On beauty's cheek to love and pity dear!
Nor has the muse e'er framed a fabled lay,
To show the world how woman goes astray;
I would not give a guileless bosom pain,
Nor on unspotted honour cast a stain.
Though time has graved his wrinkles on my brow,
And rudely chilled the heart's enraptured glow,
I once could love—still highly prize the fair;
A friendly monitor, I cry "Beware!"
For them I write, for them record my tale,
As angels lovely, but as mortals frail.—*Balfour.*

Percival had resolved on continuing his medical studies, and had passed a season at the Hotel Dieu; and during the summer vacation he made a tour of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. He had ever thought of one whom he had loved; and he would have given worlds for an invisible cap, that he might be conveyed whither he would. How often then would he have watched the course of Edith Hamilton! In his own mind he had often contrasted the race after pleasure, enervating, intoxicating, and debasing, with the serene course of retired life, where a due exercise of the senses produces enjoyment, whilst over-exertion invariably leads to weakness of the spirit, and a yearning after excitements still more cloying.

At length he was at Florence, gay sunny Florence—the city of palaces and pictures—the resort of the idle and the luxurious—surrounded by vine-clad mountains, decked with innumerable villas,

and washed by the meandering Arno. Here he rested for awhile, examining its architecture, its sculptures, and its beauties, reveling in a continued excitement of intellectual delight. One evening he was sauntering upon the Prada, wiling away an hour in witnessing the sun setting gloriously behind the Tuscan hills. In a fit of musing, he heard his native tongue spoken with elegance unusual in a foreign clime; and looking round, he beheld a party of English walking on the delightful spot he had himself chosen. Percival was pleased to find himself near those who reminded him of England. As they passed, he thought them some of his country's aristocracy; for they bore with them the air of conscious rank and station: and when Percival looked upon the lady who formed the belle, and who seemed the fascination of the group, he recognised the well-known features of Edith Hamilton.

She knew him too: and, with a look that none witnessed but himself, she placed her finger on her lip. In a few moments they had passed; and Percival returned home to discover what was now the fate of the beauty. Summoning an inquisitive fellow, whom he had occasionally employed, and who fulfilled the office of valet, courier, messenger, or lacquey (many of whom are to be found in every place where English wealth is spent), Percival gave him directions to trace out the fair one, and learn what he could of herself and her companions. He then went to the opera, and found the object of his first love decked out in the fullest elegance of capricious fashion, and forming a source of attraction equal to the Prima Donna herself. During the performance, he refrained from noticing her more than common curiosity for a reigning belle might have prompted, and he retired early to learn from his inquisitive attendant, that Lady Altonmore, and his lordship, were staying a few weeks at a villa in the campagna with a party of English. He learned also that his lordship was "*un magnifico*;" and that his residence was a continued scene of every species of merriment and diversion.

For a time, Percival wavered in his mind whether he should watch her progress, or fly from her fascinations. He had nerved his heart sufficiently to feel no regret that another revelled in the possession of those beauties which had once enslaved him; but his was no transient passion: he felt that her presence even now possessed a power of entrancing his senses; and he feared lest he should be again sufficiently unmann'd to become the slave of passion. Weighing his own feelings, therefore, he resolved to fly from the presence of a being whose power over him was too great for his comfort; and, taking a last walk on the banks of the Arno, he started to find himself in company with the assumed Lady Altonmore. She was alone. "Is it you, Edith?" he enquired as she approached him, and by her blush of recognition, told that his appearance at least was unexpected. "Is it you, Edith, or am I suffering from mental delusion? Am I speaking to Miss Hamilton?"

"You are right, Percival," said the lady, "I am the same being, though I am changed in name. You know in whose company I am staying?" "I do," replied he. "I know him for one that never let female innocence stand in the way of his libertine passions,—as

one that never yet shewed the nobleness of nobility, nor the honour of high birth. Are you his wife, Edith, — or —” Percival lingered on the word.

“Heaven forbid!” ejaculated the unblushing Lady Altonmore. “Wives are quite unfashionable in the present state of society. The march of intellect has taught the *elite* of the world, that temporary marriages are by far the most agreeable.”

“Is this your opinion, madam?” enquired Percival, “or is it a tale with which you would amuse me? — There was a time when these were not your sentiments, Edith. But you are changed now. I see but little respect for the lesson of a dying parent. Do you imagine,” and Percival’s voice grew serious, “do you imagine that you will ever meet that parent again, if the commencement of your life be in the company of the libertine Lord Altonmore. Forgive me, if I create a momentary pang in your bosom; but I cannot endure to see you participating in the licentious orgies of which common report announces you high priestess. There was a time, Edith, when I would have given worlds for your companionship,—but now——” He paused, for Edith was in tears, and Percival’s cheek was blanched with mental suffering whilst he spoke; but after a momentary effort, she resumed her gaiety. “Come, come, Ryland,” she exclaimed, “no more of this; you blame me because you have never been subjected to the same temptations. You think yourself good because you have not yet fallen. Take care of yourself.—You may live to pity me more than you condemn. I am too old to take advice, you too young to give it. Let us part friends. Addio!”

CHAP. IV.

Faded and frail the glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain and grief, and strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—SIN!— *M. J. J.*

Two years are fled, and where is the beauty now? Time has sped on with rapid pinion since Lady Altonmore was the belle of Florence; and though I shall not seek to follow her through all her protean forms, or the labyrinthine mazes of duplicity and deceit, I shall recount her next meeting with Ryland Percival.

Shall I confess a boyish admiration to account for any interest I might feel in the fate of one so lovely and so loved? I trust that, for the sake of human nature, it will not be necessary for me to do so. Would that on earth there might be an interest created in the bosoms of ninety and nine for every one that wanders from the path of rectitude. Would that every man now breathing could see into the deep recesses of the human heart, whilst he thoughtlessly ministers to the gratification of his own licentious passions, and supports a course of life that he ought to recoil from with horror. Tear off the mask of duplicity that hides human nature, and we find the world pouring forth all the vials of its indignation at the course of life led

by those who have been more sinned against than sinning, yet secretly feeding the flame of indulgence, that burns upon a shrine already so polluted. Would to God that I could write upon men's hearts in characters of living fire! And I would pray for strength to write "Charity," till every soul was softened. I care little for that mockery of goodness, which tells me I am vicious because I sympathise with a race so outcast and forlorn. I care little for the worthless principle that sets me down as depraved, because I choose to think it no sin to examine the condition of the reckless and abandoned outcast. HE came to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and shall man neglect thousands perishing hopelessly around him? No! I would ask, What difference is there in human hearts, that those who offend should be considered alien to our nature. I would tell those who blame me, to go out into the world—to image to their own feelings the wretchedness of being outcast from all that is good—to be scorned by some, and reviled by others—to endure the sorrowful consciousness of being more sinned against than sinning—to know that all reputable ways of earning bread are denied them—and if they do this—if they combat prejudice boldly and fairly, and then do not pity more than they condemn; then I say, in the words of St. Paul, "If ye have not charity, ye are but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal."

In a fashionable street, leading into one of our fashionable squares, a neat equipage was standing. The door-plate exhibited the name of Dr. Percival, our old friend Ryland, now happily married and settled in life. He was not a fashionable doctor; his own good sense taught him to despise the affectation of servility, which is but too often accorded to station. And as Percival recognised only an intellectual or a moral superiority in mankind, it is hardly to be wondered at, that his success in practice was slow, although in the end it would be certain. He was married too, to an amiable, elegant, and accomplished woman; one whom he valued for the quiet possession of those virtues which adorn the domestic circle. Here was no wondrous beauty to captivate his soul, no blandished spells of fascination to throw around him the witchery of sensual captivation, but there was that unwhispered love, founded upon a proper estimation of honourable virtue, that afforded more real happiness than could ever emanate from the most passionate regard. His wife looked upon his high and lofty character with almost reverence. She adored him as a husband, and venerated him as a friend; and although the magic word of "love" had never passed Percival's lips, she set a higher value upon his esteem than she could have placed upon any thing that bore the name of passion. And Percival was happy,—happy in the enjoyment of that felicitous intercourse of thought, feeling, and sentiment, which being founded upon the best and noblest feelings of human nature, ever leads to a long and an unruffled course of mutual happiness.

Evening was closing in, and Percival had not yet left the dinner-table. He was not a fashionable doctor; for he could not endure the restless frivolity of *ennuyéed* patients—to him,

"The ever nameless—ever new disease"

was a monster that he detested. But if he slighted those who were ill at ease, no one ever applied his energies with greater skill than he did, when disease and distress were his antagonists. To him there was something exciting in the struggle when he could bring the whole of his experience to the contest, and by a liberal exercise of his purse and talents, grapple boldly with disease and vanquish it. It was for this, that his name was almost worshipped by the poor who knew him. To them he was ever kind, his services ever ready; and his carriage was now waiting a summons from a poor and wretched being, who was forsaken and abandoned by every one; yet *he* was ready to start as soon as he received word of any change occurring to her, and no one was ever more liberally rewarded than he felt himself to be by the honest convictions of his own bosom. It was on this evening, when he had witnessed one of these scenes of squalid misery, that lie buried as it were beneath the superficies of London society, that as Percival was being driven slowly up the Haymarket, he set his eye upon a figure that seemed familiar to him, and as he passed, the light fell full upon her face and revealed the flushed countenance of Edith Hamilton.

Percival looked again to convince himself: he could hardly believe that the bold and impudent air of wanton levity which sat upon every feature, could ever have assumed a place upon one whom he had once thought more beautiful than the boasted Florentine Venus, to which he had compared her. But he saw that there was no error: he could not be mistaken in a face whose dimly defined characters were still shadowed upon his heart; and his pulse beat with a wilder throb than usual, while he communed with himself how he might best hold forth the hand of charity. Emerging from his carriage, he directed his servant to walk slowly homewards; and looking round him for a policeman who was not far off, he directed his attention to Edith; and, presenting his card and a handsome donation, Percival requested him to find out who and what she was, and report to him on the following morning.

Policeman A. 37, was punctual and particular; he told Percival all that he had learned—the flash name and residence of the fair one, and all that he could pick up of her acquaintances. Percival determined to visit her that night: his heart was sick and could not rest. It was a November night, wet, foggy and dismal; the streets were nearly clear, none but those who were obliged by absolute necessity would leave the shelter of their own fire sides, and Percival hailed these as good points, for he thought he should be sure to find the fallen one at home. Wrapping himself, therefore in plentiful appliances for the protection of his health, Percival penetrated his way into one of the back streets of the Strand; and, having gained the house, he looked about to reconnoitre those outward visible signs of inward and *spiritual* doings, which are but too common in this great metropolis.

It was a snuff shop that he was directed to; and he scrutinised its external appearance before he entered, as he wished to preserve his incognito. In the window, were the usual variety of segars and boxes, curled and twisted pipes, a blackamoor, the play-bills of the

day, and few indecent snuff-boxes. The shop had been partitioned to make a small back room; and this was partly of glass, curtained with dirty red stuff, occasionally moved by those within, as they were impelled by curiosity to look at an occasional purchaser. Percival thought that, disguised as he was, it would be a chance if any one could recognise him; so he walked in boldly and selecting a few "prime Havannahs," he was politely requested by the lady in waiting to walk inside: her customer, however, preferred being nearer the air, and he lit one of the twisted weeds and sat down to wait the rain over. To his own heart he acknowledged that he dared not enter: he had already heard the voice of Edith in conversation with some fancy friend. He smoked in silence and listened to what was said.

"But I say, Fred, where the devil have you been this long while?" It was Edith that spoke.

"Why Luce, to tell the truth, I've been down in the country."

"Well, and what the devil took you down there?" enquired she.

"O the coach—went to see the old un—raise the wind—get some brads—flare up, have a lark, eh."

"Yes," replied Edith; "you are always out upon your larks. When are you going to treat me to the play?"

"O the Lord knows, I dont," was the reply: "but how have you been? and where have you been? W. wouldn't blab—where's your ticker? Uncle? eh, nice man—friend of mine sometimes—deuced queer go—how is it."

"Why," returned Lucy, "I've been regular down upon my luck, cleaned out, every thing gone, and my body in quod."

"In quod! you!" ejaculated Fred.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "I was something peckish one night. I'd been chaffing and lushing, not above half drest, Sal and I went down to the ham and beef shop to get some supper—passed the old cobbler's shop just below. He was just come home drunk, and caught hold of me. I slapped his face and ran on for the grub. When I came back, the ugly mouthed beggar gave us both in charge for being out without bonnets. I was half drunk, so I kicked the lobster, got in the cage—locked up—next morning got a month of it, tramp, tramp, tramp—let out on Monday, and here I am."*

"Pleasant," remarked Fred.

"Pleasant!" said Lucy. "Yes ——— pleasant! and while I was away, W. seized all my things for rent. You must let me have a trifle, Fred; I hav'nt a rag to put on. Lend us a sovereign."

"A'nt worth it, 'pon my soul. Ten o'clock: so I'm off—see you on Sunday. Post the browns then. None of your gammon; here's a crown for you. Bye, bye, where's W? Give us a weed. I say, old cock," here he addressed Percival; "Why you're a reglar chimley, eh, passage for smoke! Toss ye for a go of gin? Wont!—my eyes! a'nt you a blessed shirk! [puff, puff], good night, Luce."

* Fact; one of nature's blighted flowers was recently served so in the sight of the writer—the framers of the "New Police Bill," will have much to answer for.

Percival had witnessed all this in silence and dismay. Memory pictured out what Edith had been, Lucy pictured out what she was. She approached him with the meretricious air of a courtesan; and when Percival looked her full in the face, she said not a word, but fell into a chair, and wept. Percival went not away alone; he took the weeping fair one to an institution where she might yet be redeemed to good conduct, if there existed one green spot, one little relic of olden time, one feeling not yet prostrated at the dreadful shrine of infamy and pollution.

CHAPTER V.

Turn, turn again! there yet is time
To offer up one heartfelt prayer :

* * *

Yes! HE who perished died to save
The lost, the fallen, the outcast few,
HE conquered hell and death and grave
For sinners—HE can pardon you.

Then turn again—The Uncreate
Hath opened Heaven's eternal gate,
And saints and seraphs join in prayer,
To hail repentant sinners there.—*Eustace Fleming.*

The life of Edith Hamilton, is a tale that might soften the heart of a stoic. To trace man in his long career of vice and infamy, to look upon the lord of the creation, bowing his nobler attributes to the foul shrines of intemperance and dishonour, or to trace the blight of each higher feeling in a course of libertinism and debauchery, each, all are bad; but dreadful as it is, man if it wills him so, is able to contend with the thraldoms that bind his spirit, he knows that the world will forgive the errors of youth, he feels that libertinism is a species of recognized and allowable failing; but with woman it is otherwise: she has no holdfast to throw round her when she has once launched on the ocean of dissipation. The world makes no allowance for her errors, and refuses to palliate her weaknesses, the first step taken she can rise no more. How damning then must be the curse attached to him who takes advantage of one unguarded moment to plunge woman into sin, and to render her future life one of bitterness and regret.

Percival was rejoiced, as all must rejoice, that Edith had not been wholly sacrificed. It afforded him pure and heartfelt satisfaction, that she had been snatched as a brand from the burning; and he endeavoured by every means that the warmest interest could dictate to revive the old tastes and affections that once existed in her heart. He endeavoured to present new objects and new excitements to her mind, and, by affording her intellectual enjoyments, to wean her from regretting the loss of those sensual indulgences from which he had weaned her. At times, indeed, he fancied that he perceived her sorrowing, though he knew not why; and when the news reached him, that she had fled from the protection he had

afforded her, he lamented his ill-requited labours more that they had failed in giving happiness to her, than that his own eudeavours had been sacrificed in vain. A few days after, he received from her an apology for her doings, so touching yet so true, that it unfolded to him a page in the human heart, which as yet he had never read:—

If mine were a tale of fiction, I might seek to unravel those mysterious threads that make up the strings of human feeling, those chords of exquisite sensibility, and but too often (like this) of mistaken feeling, from which arises so much of the false sentiment that pervades the whole atmosphere of society; but mine is a true tale, neither wrought up into bright scenes of happiness, nor deeply shaded in its dark career of sin:—a picture of life is all that I have aimed at. Should the reader require stronger food for his imagination, he must seek it in the page of fiction: mine is that of truth.

Percival's heart bled whilst he read the following:—

“Percival! the world would have deemed me an ungaateful wretch for flying from your bounty: but you will not do so; for you are always more ready to forgive than to condemn. *You* will excuse me for leaving a station of constant wretchedness, although to many it would have been one of happiness. Percival, I assure you, that every gratification with which I was surrounded, was embittered by the thought, that it was undeserved. You, who have not trodden in a career of reckless vice, can hardly judge of the fierceness and strength of every passion which it engenders: you cannot be aware of the loathing it produces for every thing that is noble and good; your kindness snatched me from a headlong course of infamy and guilt, you placed me in a station to be envied, you endeavoured to draw me back to virtue, and plant anew the seeds of religion and virtue; but you were casting your seed upon a barren rock. You little thought to sow good wheat and to reap tares, or that one whom you knew in happier hours could be so utterly lost; but so it is—Percival, since childhood, I never had any strict principles of virtue taught me. I was taught the follies of the world, the admiration I might command, the superiority of pleasure. I became vain and arrogant. Circumstances threw me upon the world. I could not give up the indulgences I had become accustomed to; and I was soon lost to virtue, then to honour, then to feeling, lost utterly but for you. Percival—when I first fell, my mind was so veiled with the dazzling glare of imagined pleasure and anticipated delight, that I had not sufficient reason left to know that I was falling, until I was too far gone to recede. It was then—when I awakened from my dream to a full sense of my wild career, when I felt all those pangs of anguish and remorse that steep the soul in a lethargy from which nothing but new excitements can awake it—when a pause in the course of dissipation awakened me to the damning torment that ensues from an unrestrained pursuit of forbidden pleasure—pleasure did I say, phantom rather—hideous phantom created in the sinning imagination, and invested with charms by the spirit of its maker, which at length overpowers its

creator and leads him into wilder abysses of guilt than ever Frankenstein was led by the monster he created ;—so was it with me. The phantom followed me like a shadow—the blandishments which first invested it are forgotten, and the hideous outline of its lineaments remains, and then, when the racking brain and the aching heart tell of wasted hours and wanton desires, what remains to banish thought so maddening, but new excesses, new excitements and a new awakening to wretchedness and sin.

“Percival, I dare not offer you the polluted thanks of a wretched and licentious being. I shall soon be lost in the degradation that waits me. In death I have a secret to tell, will you be a friend to me then ? I know you will, seek not to find me till then ; but forget and forgive the truant

“EDITH HAMILTON.”

CHAP. VI.

Smiles

Play'd, meteorlike, upon a hundred cheeks,
As if contagiously ; while sparkling lamps
Pour'd forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,
And music, like a siren, weaned the heart
From every grovelling and contentious thought,
From every care.

But all was like a mask
That seemed to veil the features of the damned.

For some months Percival heard nothing more of her ; and he had almost lost sight of one to whom, in spite of her errors, he would have offered every comfort his purse could afford : for he would have rejoiced more over one repentant sinner, than over ninety and nine who need it not. Her image was then suddenly conjured up before him by the warbling of a song that he had heard her sing in happier hours. Percival had been visiting one whom he had known in better times, an industrious woman, who had been married to a man that had broken her heart ; and he was walking from the court where she lived, when he passed one of those taverns technically termed “night-houses.” It was in full illumination, and a loud burst of clamorous applause awaked the doctor from the current of his reflections. For a moment he listened ; and he felt convinced that it was Edith's voice ; and, in a few minutes, by the payment of a few pence, he was seated amongst the motley group assembled. To the casual spectator, the idler, or the careless, such a scene would have been passed over. To *him* it was full of interest ; for during his pilgrimage he had learned to read much in the countenances of men, and he could judge from outward manifestations much of what was passing within. Percival shuddered as he surveyed the easy path that sin presented to her victims. Here was a girl hardly seventeen, yet her eyes were brightened with intoxication, her cheeks bedaubed with paint, and her manners of wanton levity formed a strange contrast to the innocence that ought

to accompany such years. "Probably," thought he, "she was once a parent's pride : she may now be his cursed child." Again, near him he saw a youth whose countenance he knew : his language told him to be a medical student ; and his dress betokened mourning for one dead—it might be a parent, a sister, a friend,—and his sorrow was such, that whilst to the world he bore the outward tokens of regret, to himself and to his God, he shewed only a heart worthless and depraved, and daily becoming more attached to the enervating orgies of folly and excess. Percival had some little knowledge of him ; and when he remembered who he was, and thought of his widowed mother, and his sisters who looked up to him for protection from the rebuffs of life,—when he considered all this, and the arduous struggle necessary to maintain a professional career, he saw before him a shadowy vista of disappointed hopes and wasted energies ; and he hoped that he might be deceived in the youth's identity. But there were other things to be learned in that school of infamy. There was a girl, a mere child, whose showy dress set off a person of juvenile sweetness. Close to her was an elderly bloated woman. Percival read their situation in a moment. It was a mother sacrificing her child to the passions of the heartless and dissipated. And for what ?—To enable her to indulge in habitual intoxication at the price of a child's prostitution ! Who would have thought that those sounds of revelry and riot were but the delusive covering for scenes like this ? Who would have thought that beneath the mask of joy and gaiety which every thing assumed, so much vice and wickedness should lie concealed ? But so it was.

Percival knew that vain would be any attempt of his to awaken the beauty in her career. He knew that it would be useless to exercise generosity or pity : but he thought of the hour when she would be laid a livid corpse without a friend to offer her the last rites of humanity. He shuddered as he saw the havoc time and dissipation were making on her beauty ; and he thought that soon she might need a pauper's pittance to consign her to the grave. At her side Percival perceived one whom he recognised as "Fred," a partaker in scenes like this ! Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote as follows :—

"Edith,—A day must come when you will need a friend. I do not now ask you to leave the life that is killing you ; for I have often asked you in vain : but promise me, that when misery and privation have taken the place of these scenes of hollow-hearted joy, that when the cold pity of a heartless world leaves you to death and destruction, you will send to me : even then, Edith, I will befriend you. Send to me when you want help. Scruple not to send for me, even if you will not be turned from a career so wretched. He, whose I am, and whom I serve, forbids me to forsake you."

As he folded the paper and gave it to the beauty, she spoke not a word ; but her rising bosom and speaking eye told Percival that gratitude was not altogether lost. He departed, a sadder yet wiser man.

CHAP. VII.

For never was a story of more woe
Than this."—*Shakspeare.*

Let us pass over two short years more. Another span in the duration of human existence ; a lapse that we look forward to as an age, or look back on as a dream. Time, in its changeless cycle, moves on with steady step though stealthy. To some, how quick has been his flight ! to others, how slow its progress ! To some, the pomps and vanities of the world have rendered life an intoxicating torrent of continual revelry ; to others, its every step has been attended with the dull pressure of affliction, or marked with the iron grasp of anxiety and doubt. To Percival the time had been beneficial. He was rising in his profession ; and his path in life was smooth and changeless. Wholly occupied in professional duties, or sharing in the enjoyments of the domestic circle, his felicity was without those strong exacerbations of joy and grief that leave their imprint behind them. He moved on in the even tenour of his way, doing good whenever he had the opportunity, feeling abundantly repaid by the earthly rewards he received, and looking forward to a distant period, when that happiness should be rendered everlasting.

But there was one to whom those years were ages. One whose very soul seemed consumed by the corroding canker of inward misery and outward guilt ; to whom days were as years—nights almost endless, and who felt every thing embittered by the rank poison of sin, that seemed to have been circulated through every vein, till her whole being was like a tree scathed by lightning and left to perish ; daily rotting and mouldering, useless and neglected ; yielding at night-time a ghastly phosphoric light to show what she had been and what she was. She was now a living mouldering trunk : a human dry-rot had attacked her body, soul, and spirit, and she was now lingering without energy and without hope ; cursing her existence, and blasting with horrid imprecations the punishments entailed by a reckless abandonment to infamy and vice.

Edith Hamilton was on her dying bed, in an unused closet of one of the vilest dens of infamy that the dark obscurities of London only can contain. There—all unregarded and alone, racked with bodily torment and mental misery, till her brain whirled round with the maniac ferocity of unquenchable disease. With her dying cries hushed by brute force, and the few comforts that might have softened death, withheld by the wretched hands that sometimes tended her. There, a victim to a life of wickedness, lay the remains of the beauty ! A sad spectacle, even to those who had witnessed wretchedness from their youth upwards ! Her long auburn tresses had been despoiled in an unseen moment of sleep—her few articles of worn-out apparel stolen ere she was dead—and without a single human being to receive her last sigh, or to recoil from her last curse, there she lay, dying slowly and fearfully, with all the accumulated consequences of disease and neglect. Yes ! there was

all that was mortal of Edith Hamilton! without one to moisten her parched lips—without one to perform even the meanest offices for her—without one to receive her dying wishes: and yet but a few short years before, she had been the admired of all admirers; a few short years before she had been bowed to and adored! The noble and wealthy contended for the honour of protecting her, and pampered every wish of her heart, until she had become the petted child of folly—the willing votary to illicit gratifications. Here was the consummation of that life. Abandoned to the care of that God, whose mercy she so long had scoffed at.

But there was one near her who looked up to her as a mother, and that one was a little child, the offspring of a prostitute, to whom Edith had been a friend in brighter hours, and who bequeathed her child to her care. The child looked up to her as a mother, and running into the room—such as it was—awakened Edith from a transient lapse of half sleeping rest, which worn-out nature had at last conceded.

“Mummer, mummer,” exclaimed the child, “look here; pretty picter Charley got! Mummer, kiss Charley.” Edith turned to look upon the child. She had pitied an infant whom fortune had consigned to such a scene for stamping the first impressions of life; and as she turned, she felt conscious that she had been long sleeping, dreaming, or insane. Feebly did she whisper to the child to fetch a packet of letters from a drawer. And then she clutched them eagerly, as if those memorials of the past could ease the pangs of death. She unfolded the letters, and seeking out one, she sent the child for a pen, and directed it to Dr. Percival. The child took it to the woman of the house. She knew that Edith had seen better days: she thought, too, that from its being to a doctor, it might bring some comfort to the house, or at least remove Edith to a hospital to die. Then the woman thought of the funeral, and she sent the letter, lest Edith should die first.

The letter was sent, and Edith was again conscious,—she hoped that she might remain so till Percival came. She knew he would come, but the minutes seemed like hours. She would have prayed to God for help and support, but her tongue clave to her mouth, and her sorrows choked her. Then the hot scalding tears seemed dropping around her like liquid fire. She would have given—but she had nothing to give, so she did not get it—but had she possessed worlds she would have given them for one cup of cold water to cool her parched mouth. She could scarce speak, and her throat was hoarse with the cries which her tortures forced from her. At times when any one came near her, it was but to curse her noise, or to threaten her with the gag. Then they bound her with cords to prevent her violence; and after her moments of delirium she was sane again. Then the minutes seemed endless. She thought that Percival too had forgotten her, and she looked back at the period of her life when her path had been strewn thick with flowers. She felt their thorns now; and she thought till a new fit of madness came, and again she was worn out in vain attempts to break the cords that bound her.

At last Percival came. He had been from home, but on the receipt of the summons, he had set out; and when he reached her bedside, he could hardly believe that the worn and altered woman before him was the ill-fated beauty. At the sight of him, her madness returned with three-fold violence. She cursed every thing that was good, every one that was near her; and she intermingled her ejaculations with mutterings about those who had forsaken her. Percival shuddered at the violence of her manner. He ordered those who had intruded to retire. He tried to open the window, but in vain. He bathed her temples with vinegar, and sat by her for hours. But no consciousness returned. During the early part of the night she lay in a state of insensibility, rocking her head backward and forward on the pillow without ceasing, sometimes muttering names that Percival knew not: at others, she would start up for a moment, gnash her teeth, and throw the few bed-clothes back; then tear off her garments, and with furious menaces sink down exhausted. Then again she would laugh with a wild hysterical chuckle, hollow and forced, a laugh worse than dreadful. Percival knew that life's fitful fever drew near a close. Her pulse accelerated; fits of madness followed in rapid succession; her features grew horribly distorted, and muttered curses revealed to Percival the horrid anguish of her being, that even when uncontrolled by reason gave vent only to curses.

There were none in that haunt of reckless vice, that cared to bestow a single thought upon the dying woman. Sometimes, when a lapse of silence occurred, Percival heard those signs of concealed iniquity, that are but little seen by the casual spectators of the vicious and depraved. Doors opening at all hours of the night; the stealthy step of the slyly cautious man; the loud laugh of the intoxicated prostitute; the constant supplies of liquor, and the lavish expenditure of money—lightly got and lightly gone. After a while Percival thought he perceived a moisture appearing on her forehead, and he argued it to precede a change. He had scarcely observed it, when he heard a heavy footstep ascending the stairs, and the confused sound of voices, as if in opposition or reproach.

"I will see Lucy," said a strong manly voice.

"Do be quiet, Fred," exclaimed one. "You can't see her—she's very bad," said another. "He's deuced wild when he's got a drop," said a third. "I tell you, I will see her," repeated the man. "So ——— you infernal old faggot. I'll down with you if you don't let me pass."

"She's dying, you brute, she is," returned the woman.

"Dying!" ejaculated he. "You be ———. It's a cursed lie." "Its true, Fred," interposed one of the fainter voices. "Then, by ——— I will see her. So move, you confounded old ———." Then arose more remonstrances, followed by a scuffle. Percival went to the door just in time to hear a heavy fall, a loud scream, the cries of one or two women, and the heavy step of some one rapidly ascending. Keeping the door in his hand, he awaited the coming of the stranger. At first sight he recognised "Fred," now wildly and brutally intoxicated, degraded in manners, person, and sentiment.

"Who —— are you?" was his first enquiry of Dr. Percival.

"Be silent," said Percival calmly. "She whom you seek is already in the hands of death. Go away, and let her die in peace."

"I suppose you're the doctor, are you?" returned Fred. "Then I tell you what it is; its all —— lies. Luce, Luce! give us a kiss, girl. You'll be well soon."

Percival tried to turn him away, but in vain.

"Look here, Doctor," he exclaimed. "When I first knew Lucy, I was as innocent as a child. She led me into vice—I called it pleasure then. She helped me to spend more than I earned; and for her sake I robbed my employers. For her I cheated my parents, broke my poor mother's heart, forged on my poor old father; and all for her; and yet you want to turn me out now she is dying. Why, Doctor, for her I have been degraded from society—made an associate with outcasts and wretches. Driven from good to bad—bad to worse—worse to worse—from that to the last extremes of vice, till I am what you see me—the bully of a brothel! Doctor, doctor! don't let her die! She must say, 'God bless, you, Fred!' Why, I have given up all the world for her. Lucy, Luce!"

Percival perceived that it was useless to attempt to stop the torrent of his words. The reckless ruffian went up to Edith, and roughly awaked her. "Lucy, I say, Luce!" Edith stared round her wildly—returning consciousness seemed to awaken her to those who were around her.

"Fred, is it you?" she enquired in a low voice. "I am dying."

"No, no, —— that. Not all up yet; eh doctor?"

"It is, it is!" raved Edith, suddenly seized with delirium, as she started up in bed. "Its all over, Fred: but come—one song more." Here she attempted to sing. "Ah, Marden taught me that—Marden—hell fire seize him. Percival!" and she seized his hand with the energy of madness. "Percival, go to Marden. Swear it. Go to him, and curse him with all the damning curses hell ever taught me. Blast him with all the evil wishes that ever burned in a maddened brain!" Here she tore from her bed, looked round with the fury of madness unrestrained, and seizing Percival by the hand, she took that of the suddenly sobered Fred.

"Fred," she exclaimed, "forgive me. Percival, you told me this would end me. Give my last curse to Marden. Tell him he murdered me. Tell him——"

Here with a fit of uncontrolled passion she sunk down exhausted. After a few moments she recovered.

"Fred," exclaimed she, "I see hell and devils dancing round me; and there's my poor old mother trying to scare them off! Ha, they'll have me—they'll have me! Help, help!"

Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the now sober Frederic, but he was awe-struck with the death scene of her he loved. For a few moments Edith was hushed—all was still. The dim grey light had just begun to render the flame of the candle ghastly. The clock chimed four, and again all was repose.

"O God," exclaimed Edith, vainly attempting to rise. God help and pardon me! Father of mercy! Fred, Fred—look at me, and

repent. God of Heaven—" At this moment she fell down on the bed—blood was gushing from her mouth and nostrils—there was a faint gurgling hiccup—a slight tremour of the flesh—and again all was still.

Neither Dr. Percival nor Frederic spoke a word. They were silent and dismayed; humbled in spirit and in heart at witnessing the last scene in the life of a Beauty.

READER, my tale is done. Would to God that I might have painted out the death-bed of a repentant sinner: but truth must take the place of fiction; and I leave it to the novelist to portray what experience rarely sees. My readers of the fair sex may charge me with violating the duties of society, in dragging forward the dark features I have outlined. Alas! nearly one-twelfth portion of their number in this great metropolis are as lost, as fallen as Edith Hamilton. And must the scenes of incarnate horror—the impenitent deathbeds—the thousands plunging into eternity without one effort to save them—must all these scenes of awful wretchedness be veiled for ever? No, lady, the wound must be laid bare—it must be probed and cauterized, or it can never be healed. The Christian must light the lamp of active charity, and search diligently for the lost pieces of silver,—those souls lost in moral darkness and destitution. And vice too must be painted without the false sophistry of the novelist, or it can never make the soul recoil with horror. I know well that there exists among women a great and insuperable prejudice against the frail and erring sinner; and least of all men, would I desire to weaken the natural repugnance that a modest bosom must feel for scenes like those my pen has sought to picture. But I would teach them to regard the outcast as *still* possessing a soul to be saved; and I would paint to woman the hallelujah choir of angels, outpouring hymns of joy over one repentant soul. I would tell them that HE "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." That "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And, above all, I would remind them that "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." I would tell them that "out of the heart's abundance the mouth speaketh." And if the tongue revile, can the heart have mercy? No, lady; charity dwelleth in the heart, and not upon the lips. Look at the first step of vice—then the last. To stop between is impossible; and I must paint the end if I would guard any from the beginning. To readers of my own sex I need say little. On the seducer's head must one day recoil the tortures of his victim; but to those who minister to the support of such a career, I tell them they are filling up a lava draught, that sooner or later must fill the soul of woman with all the fury of irrepressible remorse. And should these pages happily meet the eye of one frail sister of beauty, I would entreat her—pray her to pause: the past can never be reclaimed, but the future may be amended. Error may give place to penitence—sin to repentance. An atonement for human weakness has been offered in the

blood of HIM who perished on the cross; and through him, "the sins that be as scarlet shall be whiter than snow." Repent then! While there is life, there is hope.

There is a plague-spot upon society—corroding and cankering its very vitals—fostered by its indulgencies, and undiminished by its punishments. The young and the lovely wither beneath its blight, and all around them are contaminated by its influence. How few are they who cannot tell of a daughter or a friend undone, a son or a neighbour led into ruin by the fearful fascination of some erring beauty? Alas that human nature should be so fallen! but so it is. The ruin of woman's honour fills the earth with sin, and hell with victims. Legislation can afford no remedy. The only corrective is in a moral education. I would teach every Christian mother, that she may weave around her child a bulwark more impregnable than hardened steel—that virtue, as a principle of action, will place around her child a defence like a circlet of living fire, dismaying the libertine, and disarming the vicious. I would tell her that an empty mind can ill withstand the attacks of the tempter; that in the long catalogue of female ruin, but few are found who have been distinguished for moral or intellectual cultivation. I would have her teach her child, that happiness is only compatible with goodness, that a swerving from rectitude is a voluntary embracing of misery and death; that vice is never so deadly as when arrayed in the colours of virtue; and that the first moment when she can look on vice without detestation she is lost for ever. I know my words may appear superfluous; but when I think upon the thousands hurrying on in their career of sin—when I think how the daughter of a house is its honour and its grace—when I think of the father and mother that loved her—the brother who made her his pride, and the sister on whose bosom she slept—how all of them are utterly lost and dishonoured by a daughter's degradation—when I think of these things...that I am writing to assist the cause of woman's redemption—that I am seeking to gather souls from among the tares that have choked them—I feel that could I dip my pen in everlasting fire, and trace my thoughts in words of burning, they would even then be far from extravagant.

That a record of truth may awaken one to forgiveness—that it may lead many to follow HIM who condemned not, but bade the sinner sin no more—that it may affect the heart with something deeper than a mere passing influence, is the earnest and unvarying prayer of
 IΩN.

SKETCHES OF THEOSOPHY AND FREEMASONRY.

Few subjects connected with the history of literature are more universally discussed, or less generally understood than Theosophy and Freemasonry. They present a vast and open field of speculation, where truth and error lie mixed and entangled in most disastrous confusion.

A few illustrious authors have thrown an intellectual ray across this chaos of conjectures ; but most of the uninitiated scribblers have doubled its obscurity, by their own hallucinations ; and thus Freemasonry

Has puzzled even by explanation,
And darkened by elucidation.

Having been, in the days of our youth (*calida juvena Consule Planco*), urged on by a curiosity of knowledge, a regular *cacoethes sciendi*, if not *scribendi*, we availed ourselves of all the ways and means of getting at the truth ; or, as Freemasons call it, *the light*. And being blest with that singularly amiable and diffusive charity which inspires all truly great philosophers (among whom we of course place ourselves, in the very highest rank), we mean to bring *the light* before the public ; for the very same disinterested reason that induces a lad to offer you a link in a November fog.

We perceive that at every stage of our luminous and sparkling progress, we shall have to encounter the sneers and objections of uninitiated and profane cowans ; who, like bats, owls, and other unclean birds, will doubtless be dazzled by the unusual flare-up, and very probably singe their wings in the flame. To all such we say, with Father Orpheus—*Procul, procul, profani*—begone, ye profane babblers, you iniquitous eaves-droppers ! away with your idle jabberings, and unconscionable clamours !

We have used the words Theosophy and Freemasonry as common and nearly synonymous terms ; but in truth Theosophy is by far the best word of the two, as it is far more ancient and more universal. It defines the exact science with which studious and speculative Freemasons are conversant—it embraces the whole history of initiations, in all ages and nations—it includes every denomination of initiated adepts, and every form of the occult sciences.

What then is this Theosophy ?—is it the same as Theology ? No ; it is rather the same as theologic or divine philosophy, properly so called. Theology is a science that belongs to Churches. Theosophy is the broad and varied developement of that science which has been in all ages cultivated in lodges of initiation, among professed initiates esoteric and exoteric.—(*Vide the Theosophical Transactions, published in London during the 17th century.*)

The use of the term Theosophy, as including the whole range of divine philosophy and the occult sciences, is very ancient. Thus, the Jewish Rabbins, of the Cabalistic schools, cultivated their Alhakame. The early Christian Fathers, especially Clemens, Alexandrinus, and Dionysius, the Areopagite, continually use it as implying divine learning and philosophy. Thus we find Scapula defines *θεοσοφία, rerum divinarum scientia* ; and *θεοσοφός, rerum divinarum consultus, in divinis peritus*. We find also Dr. Johnson, on the authority of Coles, Selden, More, Brocklesby, and others, defining it to be “divine wisdom.”

So noble and sublime was this ancient system of Theosophy cultivated in the lodges of initiation from time immemorial, that Kircher, Meursius, Reuchlin, and Dr. Henry More extol it to the skies. The latter, especially in his “Defence of the Philosophic Cabala,” eulogises this great Cabalistic or traditional science of initiation, including the whole range of what are called the occult sciences and arts.

Theosophy, therefore, is the most inclusive, universal, and generic term which we can apply to the learning connected with the initiations in all ages and countries. It comprehends, in the ample sphere of its investigation, cabalism, mythology, astrology, freemasonry, theurgy, magic, alchemy, hieroglyphics, and a great variety of collateral doctrines not easily embraced under any other word.

The extent to which this system of Theosophy pervaded the ancient world is amazing. It was this which formed the central bond of science to all the soothsayers, magicians, mythologists, and mystagogues of the oriental empires. It was the science of Zoroaster, Hermes, Orpheus and Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, Philo, and Origen, and all that were called mystics.

In the middle ages, likewise, this Cabalistic theosophy had immense power and domination. It was patronised by Rufinus, Synesius (the supposititious author of the works that are popularly attributed to Dionysius, the Areopagite), by Photius, Psellus, Paulinus, Alcuin, Geber, Rabanus Maurus, Scotus Erigena; and subsequently by Maimonides, Aben Ezra, Alchindus, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon.

Again, on the revival of letters in Europe, Theosophy was cultivated by Mirandola, Dante, Cornelius Agrippa, Reuchlin, Paracelsus, Riccius, Pistorius, and Postellus. From the writings of these illustrious men it was handed down to Selden and Kircher, Campanella and More, Cudworth and Rust, Glanville and Ashmole; not to mention many others.

Brucker, in his history of Philosophy, very justly observes that "many traces of the Spirit of Theosophy may be found in the whole history of Philosophy." But he confines his own notices of Theosophy to that particular and recent developement of this universal science which sprang up under Paracelsus, and, assuming the name of Rosicrucian Philosophy, was especially devoted to alchemical researches.

The enlarged study of Theosophy has become more imperatively a matter of obligation to the whole body of Freemasons. Let them remember that Theosophy, properly so called, is their own catholic and universal science. It unfolds "that doctrine concerning the Deity, his theophanies and filiations, and their mutual fraternity," which includes the great secret of the initiations.

For want of a more extensive knowledge of Theosophy, and the mythologic and initiated learning, which forms the proper medium between theology on the one hand, and philosophy on the other; both theology and philosophy are placed in apparent opposition and incessant conflict. None can remedy this evil so well as Freemasonic initiates, if they avail themselves of their peculiar resources. They are not the same as theologians; they are not the same as philosophers. But they are bona-fide and essentially Theosophists. And, like all other Theosophists, they cultivate the science of sciences, the art of discovering new arts, through a system of initiations; which is the great distinguishing feature of all Theosophic sects.

Under the name of Theosophists, they would find a vast range of interesting studies laid open before them. They could publish Theosophical magazines and periodicals, like the famous "Theosophical Transactions" edited by Ashmole. They would be able occasionally to open their lodges and clubs to a number of learned and cultivated gentlemen, who

are yet unwilling to bind themselves by the forms of Freemasonic initiation.

In this way, we conceive the whole moral and political power of the Freemasonic body might be vastly exalted in respectability, and extended in efficacy. It would then be better able than it is at present to promote the sacred cause of *Syncretism*, or religious and political coalition and harmony, so dear to the heart of the Freemasonic brethren. This has become more intensely desirable in an age when theological schisms and political factions threaten to overwhelm our country in ruin.

But while we uphold the name of Theosophy, as the exact ancient and universal study of Initiate, we are far from dishonouring that particular branch and section of Theosophic Institution, which passes under the denomination of Freemasonry.

We are among those who believe this identical word, Freemasonry, to have been applied, in very ancient times, both in Oriental and European nations, to signify that science of metaphysical and physical edification and architecture, which in fact involves the whole doctrine of harmonic numbers and proportions, whether intellectual or material.

The Freemasons derive the word masonry from the Hebrew *Makan*, to adapt, whence the Greek *μηχανη*; the Latin *machina* and the English words, machine and mechanics. The word is used in the Hebrew Bible to imply the fabrication of the universe. "Thus, (says Pike, in his *Philosophia Sacra*,) the universe is one vast *mechanism*, as appears from the 8th Psalm:—'When I view thy heavens, which thou hast *machined*.' Again, in the Proverbs:—'In his *machining* the heavens I was there.' The Hebrew word *kan* or *kun*, from whence the foregoing words are formed, properly signifies to place and adapt things together in such a manner as to become fit for operation."

Now the profound science of metaphysical and physical *mechanics*, by which the Deity himself regulated creation—the subtle doctrine of universal edification, adaptation, and harmony, by which all things were originally established and are still maintained, in number and measure, could not fail to mingle itself with the most sublime of mythologic mysteries, revealed in the ancient initiations. These theological mathematics of the ancient theosophists, were as superior to the physical mechanics of our mathematical schools, as the theoretic arithmetic of Pythagoras and Philo, developed by Meursius, More, and Taylor, is to the Cocker in the counting-house.

This grand and all-inclusive system of *mechanery*, from which Lemon and the best etymologists derive the word "masonry" was ever an initiated science, perfectly superior to the common craft or trade of the same name. The very term *free*, implied that it was essentially a liberal and intellectual science, and its professors were those who were freed or emancipated, by the process of initiations, from the enslaving bondage of materialism, in which the uninitiated were supposed to be imprisoned and degraded. All this is implied in the synonymous use of the terms, *free* and *speculative*, among the initiated fraternity of the present day.

Thus the identity of Theosophy and Freemasonry, and the extreme antiquity and universality of both, are allowed by all grave authors who have discussed the subject. One vast and comprehensive system of

theosophy and freemasonry has been common to all times and all nations handed down in a series of initiations, preserving the same essential features under a great variety of names, and conversant with the same occult and mythological sciences, under innumerable forms of exhibition.

This fact is fully confirmed by Oliver, Warburton, Selden, Kircher, Maurice, Bryant, and Faber. They have inseparably connected the history of theosophy and freemasonry with the history of initiations common to the lodges of all ages and nations. No blunder, therefore, can be more gross than the statement that freemasonry is a mere name without a science, and that it is a mere club of recent origin.

Yet the cause of this error is perfectly clear; it consists in names and words. Men seldom look to the essential reality of things; but they perpetually turn their attention to the forms and modes of letters and syllables, the most deceitful of all deceivers. As Cowley happily expresses it:—

We're ill by these grammarians used,
We are abused by terms—most shamefully abused.

And thus it has fared with theosophy, and especially with freemasonry. The comparative rarity of this identical word in the ancient initiations and its frequency in modern institutions, have induced superficial reasoners to conclude that freemasonry never existed till the middle ages, forgetting that all which constitutes the essence of freemasonry, exists in the oldest books in existence. In fact, they confound this immemorial and universal science, with some of its particular developements in modern Europe, and drop the substance of the truth to snatch at the shadow of a name.

This antiquity and universality of freemasonry, may be proved by all the tests the subject can admit. It is proved by the proper and specific science of theosophy, which has in all ages been the peculiar study of freemasons. The science of theosophy, comprehending all the mythologic and occult sciences and arts, has in all times been connected with initiations, in the most emphatic and distinct sense. It has an idiosyncrasy and distinctiveness about it which cannot be mistaken. It is neither the theology of the church nor the philosophy of the schools, but it is the theosophy of the lodge, which harmonizes and reconciles both. And this theosophy of initiates is so real and *bona fide* a science, that it has swayed the theology and philosophy of all nations, ancient and modern.

You have nothing to do but to look into freemasonic books to be convinced of the truth of this statement. Do you find them books of theology? No! Do you find them books of moral or physical philosophy? No! You find that they are books of theosophy; that peculiar cabalistic and mythological science, which occupies the great chasm or gulf between the theological and philosophical doctrines, and which enables the initiates of the lodge to harmonize those subtle relations of things which strike the uninitiated as incongruous and discordant.

It is no wonder, therefore, that all freemasons should boldly assert the antiquity of their science. And we sympathise and correspond with the declarations of that fine old enthusiast, Preston, when he declares with all the audacity of a game-cock, "from the commencement of the

world we may trace the foundation of masonry. Ever since Symmetry began and Harmony displayed her charms, our order has had a being." Hutchinson, in his "Spirit of Freemasonry," is hardly less magniloquent: "The first stage of masonry took its rise in the earliest times, was originated in the mind of Adam, descended pure through the antediluvian ages," &c. With equal confidence, Town, in his "Speculative Freemasonry:"—"If from our moral principles we date the origin of masonry, we must fix its era co-existent with the Almighty." "Certainly (says Smith, in his Use and Abuse of Freemasonry), the art is coeval with man, the great author of it. Nay, it may well be styled coeval with the creation, when the Sovereign Architect raised, on masonic principles, the beautiful globe." And so

Our first father, Adam—deny it who can?—

A mason was made as soon as a man.—AHIMON REZON.

But as most people are by no means inclined to swallow such startling *ipse dixit*s without a grain of salt, we would consider a little more nearly, the proof of the antiquity of freemasonry, derived from the ceremonials of the lodge, and shew that these contain many of the precise terms and forms that were used in the most ancient cabalistic and classical initiations.

Thus Reuchlin, Selden, Kircher, Cornelius Agrippa, and other cabalists, have proved that many of the masonic institutions are essentially cabalistic, and are derived from the cabalistic Jews and Syrians, as clearly as those of the Druses of Mount Lebanon.

From the cabalistic theosophers, are evidently derived the freemasonic stories about Solomon's temple, Jacob's ladder, Hiram, Adoniram, Jachin and Boaz, *et id genus omne*. These are plainly deduced from the initiations of the Syrian cabalists and gnostics, in whose books we find the very same traditions.

Again, if we attend to the theosophic initiations of the Brahmins, the Persians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, and the secret doctrines respecting the Deity, his theophanies, and divine developments, and filiations, so largely discussed by the mythologists, do we not find the very same species of learning pervading the freemasonic initiations and freemasonic books. For an ample proof of this, we need only refer to the works of Mr. Oliver, the most learned writer on Freemasonry in the present day, and the Freemasons' Quarterly, a periodical of high talent.

If we were asked whether the moral effect of the great system of initiations had been *on the whole good*, we should decidedly answer in the affirmative. Indeed it could not well be otherwise. For the initiations have always contained the chief points of the catholic and universal religion of mankind: and therefore Theosophy and Freemasonry have been almost equally applicable to Jews, Mahomedans, Pagans, and Christians. Theosophists and Freemasons are essentially syncretist; they always agree in the grand elements of theology—the doctrine of moral obligation and fraternal charity; and they agree to differ on those minuter shades of opinion which must be modified by the circumstances of age, rank, and education.

A few of the grand theologic doctrines common to all the initiations, ancient and modern, are the following:—All the initiations conspire to

exhibit one true God and Father, in his universal Theophanies and divine developements. They set forth the great Logostic Theophany restoring mankind by the most divine heroism and self-sacrifice. They illustrate the vast system of filiations that bind all creatures together by laws of fraternity. They confirm the saving doctrine of atonement and sacrifice, and stimulate all the initiates to the heroism that dares and bears all things in the cause of truth and virtue. They show that it is by a system of severe discipline and purgatorial refinements, that the lapsed soul is to be cleansed from the corruptions of materialism; and they impress the belief, that, by these means, we shall attain a glorious and happy immortality. See these doctrines of initiation illustrated by Kircher, Warburton, Oliver, Ash, Hutchinson, Maurice, Bryant, and Faber.

Now there can be little doubt, that, next to the theology of the Church, this theosophy of the lodge has been of eminent service in the world. For ages it preserved the sublimest doctrines of religion, and was cultivated by the greatest and holiest men of the oriental and classical nations, as the chief discipline of education for immortality.

And thus in periods when the Church was confined within narrow and rigid limitations, or driven into the wilderness by the persecuting tyranny of apostates, the Theosophy and Freemasonry of the lodges kept alive the spirit of heroic piety, and inviolable liberty.

M. Mailly has confirmed this view in a spirited sketch of the ancient initiations connected with Freemasonry, which is worth translating.

"The initiations," says he, "hold a distinguished rank in the august order of Freemasonry. They characterise its antiquity and sublimity—they preserve its primitive fervour, and declare its durability. These initiations were practised among ancient peoples, who were our masters in the exercise of civil and moral virtues. The Greeks derived them from the Egyptians, and the Romans borrowed them from the Greeks. This antique and inestimable patrimony has descended to us; and we regard it as one of the most precious possessions of Freemasonry.

"It is a fact recognised by history, that Moses himself was skilful in all the wisdom of Egypt; and the immortal legislator of the Jews doubtless transplanted into his own institutions whatever he found true in the moral, political, and physical sciences, which were symbolised and shadowed forth in the mysterious rites of the Egyptians.

"Let us penetrate, therefore, the Temple of Osiris and Isis; and here we shall behold the first traces of the initiations. Here they rendered their secret adoration to the beneficent Deity—the Author of the vast universe, the Supreme Essence of wisdom and order—whom the initiated worshipped under many names, free from the idolatries of the vulgar million.

"And behold all Asia adoring the god of fire, under the title of Mithra. The splendour of this vivifying emblem still glitters in our temples.

"Would you take a wider survey of the propagation, the developement, and the perfection of these allegorical and symbolical practices?

"Let us travel then in the agreeable company of Homer, Hesiod, and Plutarch, and other illustrious investigators, who sought for truth with such ardent enthusiasm among the nations of Asia and Europe.

"And first of all, let us examine those august mysteries celebrated in Samothrace, in honour of that Universal Spirit who is entitled the Mother of the Gods. At a remoter distance, we behold the Indian Bacchus, venerated with gorgeous ceremonials.

"On a sudden, the most majestic music bursts on the ear. Let us listen in silence. Ah! I recognise their harmonies. These are the brave and illustrious Cretans, who solemnise in their full choirs the sacred mysteries of Jupiter, the ruler of deities.

"Not far from thence, you hear a soft and delicate harmony, which swells from a consecrated fraternity, in a region dedicated to social happiness. These are the inhabitants of Amphissa; who in their allegorical rites pay homage to the spirit of Concord, under the name of Castor and Pollux.

"But, behold, mysteries still more delicious and attractive await us on the banks of the sweet streams of Cyprus. Thy altars, O Venus, here glitter with a purer flame; and from all nations, thy worshippers hasten, to pay their solemn devotions to thy sacred and voluptuous initiations.

"Let us thus descend from age to age, borne on the wings of Time; let us become initiated in all the ancient institutions which present us with points of similitude to the sublime order of Freemasonry.

"Already are we arrived at Athens; before us stand the sacred doors of the Temple of Ceres and Proserpine. What do I behold? What a reunion of sages and enlightened men do I see, under these majestic arches. 'Tis not a blind fanaticism which draws them hither: for nature has endowed them with intelligences too noble for hypocrisy. The desire of perfecting mankind by practical morality, was with them no less than with ourselves the great object of union.

"And observe what vast multitudes hasten from the most distant nations, to participate in the famous mysteries of Eleusis. They are called Initiates; and from them the same title has descended on us.

"In this mighty congregation, the respect for virtue is so great, that the Emperor Nero dared not present himself as a candidate for initiation.

"Discretion was here so strictly maintained, that the head of Diagoras was forfeited for having revealed the secrets of the mysteries.

"The doctrine of the initiates was founded on the elements of reason and experience. The illustrious Pythagoras unfolded it in his immortal works.

"The language of Syria and Egypt is very figurative, and full of hieroglyphic signs—it has transmitted to its students the cabalistic and magic style of its symbolic expressions, which still form a distinctive characteristic of our sublime institution.

"In the celebration of the mysteries, we have rapidly traversed, the essential motive was to purify and ameliorate social man: and this is also the object of our masonic labours.

"Thus were the initiates united and confederated under a common banner, around which there rallied the most intelligent portion of society (*ce qu'il y avait d'hommes instruits, surnageant au dessus des flots du vulgaire*).

"The orgies themselves were instituted as a critical *exposé* of polytheism, in order to lead the multitude to the unity of the great Active Principle, the animator of all beings.

"We discover in the primitive mysteries of the Egyptians, celebrated in honour of the Cabiri, sons of Vulcan, and inventors of the arts, that the initiates employed in their laboratories, as allegorical emblems, instruments adapted to the craft of metallurgy.

"I will not here enlarge on the similitude of the forms of initiations, as handed down by the ancients. The initiate made his confession. He wore a scarf, on which was traced a name—the ineffable object of his worship.

"The Greek initiates known under the name of Orphiques, in devoting themselves to their mysterious rites, entered into communion with the divine nature, by refining the soul from all the passions which could oppose an obstacle to this privilege, or overshadow the rays of the divine light, which communicated itself to every mind susceptible of its inspiration, and emulous of its purity.

"A series of ordeals and trials brought the aspirant successively to the knowledge of the mysteries, even to the highest degree of perfectionment. Before he could be admitted to these, he must prove that he was endowed with an heroic and gallant soul, inaccessible to fear and temptation. These ordeals were both moral and physical.

"Amid the ruins of time, we find an invaluable monument of initiations—'tis the reception of Pythagoras among the esoterics. The initiators (say the Greek historians) plunged the candidate into a vault of darkness and shadows. There he heard the noise of winds and tempests, the howling of wild beasts, the hissing of snakes, and the crash of thunder. Invisible hands precipitated him seven times into a river. He was surrounded by serpents that coiled about him, but did not wound him. He past rapidly from the profoundest gloom to the most intense light. He was hurled from the summit of a lofty tower. He was transported through the air in a chariot of fire. At last he was admitted into the sanctuary, where he learnt the immortal verities which are only presented to men under the veil of symbols.

"How can we doubt the antiquity of freemasonry, after a series of genealogies so constant and so well authenticated. The hand of time has impressed her with the seal of immortality. In all ages, in all theocracies and empires, there have existed initiated associations of enlightened men, lovers of truth occupied in her subtle researches, and depositories of her high mysteries. Whatever has been their denomination, the form of their institution, and the variety of their practice, it is certain that the improvement of social man is the chief object of their solicitude.

"It is absurd, then, to attempt to fix the precise epoch in which our sublime order was founded. Freemasonry is not the conception of an individual—it is the product of moral combinations, confirmed by experience. Like a well-directed vessel, she has weathered the storms and tempests, and escaped the rocks and shoals that threatened her safety; and now she approaches her haven, freighted with the treasures of untold ages.

"It is for the plighted friends of truth to imitate the wisdom and beneficence of the great men who opened their noble career. Let us pursue the traces of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, who, under other denominations and with a different liturgy, were in reality no more or

less than true and illustrious freemasons." So much for the speculations of M. Mailly.

This system of theosophic initiations was carried on during the middle ages, by the Druses, the Paulicians, the Cathari, the Gypsies, the Halywark-men, and a variety of Vehm Gerichthes and secret societies, whose history is very interesting, and very obscure.

The initiations received a new development under the superintendence of the knights templars, and the gorgeous institutions of chivalry. A little information on this branch of their history may be found in Ramsay, Rosetti, Sismondi, and Mill; but the subject is still involved in the most tantalising mystery.

Another developement of these theosophic initiations was accomplished among the Theosophists, Alchemists, and Rosicrucians of Germany in the fifteenth century. Concerning these, we have all the information we can desire, in the works of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Behmen, Helmont, Fludd, and Ashmole.

We stated, that the Logotic character, example, and sacrifice, illustrated in the ecclesiastical sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and the eucharist, had been likewise indicated in a much more figurative and dramatic form in the three stages of initiation, both ancient and modern. In every one of these do we find the same doctrine concerning a Divine Mediator, at once the pattern and the atonement of men, set before the initiates, under an infinite variety of names and symbolisations.

The references to the character, example, and sacrifice of the Divine Mediator in the successive dispensations of religion, have become so marked in the more modern forms of freemasonic initiation, that they are particularly insisted on by Oliver, Ashe, Smith, and Hutchinson.

"Thus (says Hutchinson in his *Spirit of Freemasonry*) by the apprentices' order is implied the first knowledge of the God of Nature in the earliest age of man. By the craftsmans' order reference is had to the Mosaic legation, and Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. As also to the light which men received for the discovery of the Divine Wisdom by geometrical solutions. But the order of master-masons is analogous to a dispensation, which is far more perfect and sublime."

To the same purport (*Webb's Freemasons' Monitor*). "The initiation into the two first orders, is attended with rites of great solemnity; but those attached to the third degree are calculated to leave a far more lasting impression on the mind, than those which belong to either of the preceding. During the performance of these last ceremonies, of which none but those admitted to the degree of master-mason can have any conception, the soul is struck with reverence, and all the spiritual faculties are called forth to worship and adoration. This order is therefore a positive contradiction to those who know not God, and gives the most irrefragable proof of the resurrection of the body."

The same doctrine is confirmed by the Rev. Dr. Ashe, in his excellent *Masonic Manual*. "Masons (says he) describing the deplorable estate of religion under the Jewish law, speak in figures. 'Her tomb was in the rubbish and filth cast out from the Temple, and the Acacia spread its branches over her monument.' The Greek name for innocence being similar, implies that the corruptions which crept into the

old law had hid religion from those who sought her, and she was only to be found with Innocence, under the banner of the Messiah, the tree of life: and in regard to masons themselves, it signified that they ought to be distinguished as true Acacians, or innocent people.

"The acquisition of the doctrine of redemption (continues Ashe) is expressed in the typical character of Huramen (the Greek for *I have found*); and by the application of that name with masons, it is implied that we have discovered the knowledge of God and his salvation, and have been redeemed from the sin of death, and the sepulchre of pollution and unrighteousness.

"Thus the master-mason represents a man under the Christian doctrine saved from the grave of iniquity, and raised to the life and grace of salvation.

"As the great testimonial, that we are risen from the state of corruption, we bear the emblem of the Holy Trinity, as the insignia of our vows, and of the origin of the masters' order.

"The master-mason imposes a duty on himself full of moral virtue and Christian charity, by enforcing that brotherly love which every man should extend to his neighbour" (Vide Oliver's Star in the East).

Such is the genuine and true doctrine of freemasonic initiations; and we do not prize this doctrine the less, because it has been sometimes egregiously perverted and corrupted by the foulest abominations in the ancient and modern lodges. We have not to learn, that the best things, when corrupted, become the worst; and that the pure Christianity of universal love has been made the plea for infernal murders and massacres, and the diabolical inquisition, than which there is nothing more damned in hell itself.

Nor have we to learn, that the pure Theosophy of freemasonic lodges has been at many periods abused by the miserable buffooneries of Deism and Atheism, the clamour of impious sophists, the rage of revolutionary demagogues, and the lusts of incurable voluptuaries. We have not to learn, that the noblest secrets of initiation, in passing through the lodges of German illuminati and Gallic Jacobins, became infested with the blasphemous hallucinations of those regicide scoundrels, and an engine of the most diabolical republicanism.

But to reject theosophy and freemasonry, because they have been abused by the passions of wicked men, would be as absurd as to reject religion because it has been perverted to fanaticism; to reject enthusiasm, because it has been overshadowed by delusion; to reject magic, because it has been abused by impostors; and to reject medicine, because it has been maltreated by quacks.

For the same reason, we do not choose to renounce or violate the noble science of theosophy and freemasonry, hallowed as it has been by the study of the holiest sages of all times and nations, because Messrs. Robinson and Barruel have proved, beyond refutation, that freemasonry was corrupted on the continent of Europe by the apostasy of its professors; nor because Messrs. Ward and Co. have told us, that it has been perverted in America to such an atrocity as the murder of Morgan.

Yet, if we must speak our mind freely, we must confess that we prefer theosophy to freemasonry, properly so called. We would rather be reputed a theosopher than a freemason on many accounts.

In the first place, theosophy is the more ancient and universal term, and is popularly understood as comprehending the whole range of mythologic, occult, and symbolic sciences. It openly declares its own meaning, and its own pretensions, and comes before the public without fear or disguise. It frankly challenges the examination and investigation of the profoundest scholars; because it knows that none but the profoundest scholars are competent to analyse the deep and complicated literature connected with it; and none ever examined that literature through years of patient research, without becoming theosophers.

Besides, in theosophy there is no imposture and no quackery. It is a vast mythologic and metaphysical science, whose proofs are drawn from sequences of logical argument that cannot be refuted, and are confirmed by the sincere and weighty testimonies of initiated philosophers of many ages, whose works are in our hands.

No man can therefore be a theosopher by any royal road, or short cut to wisdom. Nothing but the old beaten track of prolonged and unflinching study in recondite, and, perhaps, forbidden literature, will suffice: you must pursue the track of Pythagoras and Plato, and Philo and Origen, Photius and Mirandola, Reuchlin and Agrippa, Kircher and Selden, if you expect to arrive at the same difficult and solitary heights of esoteric and magical wisdom.

Here all is arduous, open, and manly. You shun no question, and you wear no mask. You must be a scholar, and a ripe and good one, or you will never be a theosopher.

The study of theosophy, therefore, includes that of freemasonry, and a great deal beside. At the same time, theosophers do not labour under so rigid an oath and obligation of concealment as attaches to the freemasons. There are many theosophists therefore who, while they are perfectly well acquainted with freemasonry, and can answer every question in it, do not choose to bind themselves by the freemasonic fetters, which, under the plea of extending liberty, sometimes seriously contract it.

We would therefore advise the students of theosophy to be content with their own lodges and clubs, and not to rush without consideration into the initiations of freemasonry, properly so called. As theosophers, you stand in a loftier and freer sphere, and can avail yourselves of all that is most valuable in freemasonry, without its inconveniences. There are, however, many particular reasons and interests which may apply to individuals, and render it desirable for them to take the oaths, &c. &c.

Under the name and character of theosophists, you will be able to do ample justice to the entire subject of freemasonry. You will then embrace the study, connected as it is with the whole history of freemasonry, in all its branches, ancient and modern. You will be free to praise the laudable parts of freemasonry, and blame the culpable, exactly as they merit eulogy or satire. And you will be able to avail yourselves of all its best illustrations to ennoble general literature, and to adorn social converse.

Thus theosophists are the only writers who have ever treated the subject of freemasonry philosophically and impartially; they alone have invested it with the dignity of theosophic science, and placed the freemasonry of the lodge in its true position, midway between the theology of the church, and the philosophy of the schools; they alone have

pointed out its inclusive and universal characteristics, and traced the process of its subtle and metaphysical developements through the whole series of the initiations and the mysteries in all languages, and through the fascinating circles of the mythologic, occult, and symbolic sciences, so elaborated by transcendental scholars, and so utterly misunderstood by the common herd of men.

In these light and unlaborious sketches of theosophy and freemasonry, we shall at least endeavour to open up the way to a more sedulous and extensive study of these mythical branches of learning. We do so, because they are sciences that enter into the very heart of the nature of things and the history of men—sciences that have taxed the sublimest genius, and swayed the deepest destinies of all nations and kingdoms on earth—sciences that are absolutely necessary to explain metaphysics, mythology, magic, astrology, alchemy, and hieroglyphics, which have cast their secret symbols through all popular customs, arts, and craftships—most of which originated among the fraternities of the lodge, and which are often wholly inexplicable without reference to the science of initiations.

We may laugh at the occult sciences if we please, but our fathers honoured them with a reverence and a sedulous cultivation of the most intense and unremitting character. They were not thought unworthy of the attention of Mirandola, Agrippa, Melanchthon, Bodin, Kircher, Digby, Bacon, Selden, and Hale; why should they be despised by us; are we a jot wiser or better men than they—more far-sighted, astute, penetrating, and analytical; where is the man alive that can compete with them, either in powers of thought or compass of learning?

Of all the conceits of this conceited age none appears to us more monstrous and extravagant than the idle impertinence of deciding on questions we never studied, and, therefore, cannot possibly understand. It seems to be confessed by all, that it is impossible to make yourself master of the arguments connected with the theosophic sciences, without years of resolute study (*viginti annorum lucubrationes*), and yet every uninitiated smatterer, every woman, nay, every child, will boldly and unhesitatingly pronounce that freemasonry, mythology, and magic, are all humbug, moonshine, nonsense, and lies. How utterly idle and insignificant is the vituperation or ridicule of all such witlings!

Every one is to be believed respecting his own art (*de sua arte cuique credendum est*), we believe the testimony of those concerning a given science, who have studied that given science, and we do not believe those who have not studied it. We, therefore, believe theosophers and freemasons, and magicians, (if they are in other respects credible characters,) when they assure us, after years of study, they are satisfied of the truth of their views, and when they prove that truth, by pointing out causes and producing effects, beyond the sagacity and power of the uninitiated. And that theosophists actually succeed in foretelling and in effecting metaphysical and physical changes, is a matter of fact, confirmed by grave writers in all ages, and probably illustrated by the personal experience of such of our readers as have consulted genuine adepts in the occult sciences. We put the question frankly to them, whether they have not found the words of such theosophists, respecting the invisible relations of things, astonishingly correct? Of course we do not allude

here to the idle and uninstructed impostors that wander about under the plea of fortune-telling, to tell lies, pick pockets, and make fools.

We, therefore, believe the testimony of theosophers respecting their own art, just as we believe the testimony of physicians concerning theirs. Now what should we think of a carpenter or cobbler who began to deride the medical art? we should think him a booby who attempted to judge above his last. We should say to him, "Mr. Cobbler, when we consult you respecting the soling of our boots, we will pay the utmost deference to your judgment, for you understand soling; but we don't give any weight to your judgment in medical matters, because, Mr. Cobbler (with all due reverence be it spoken), you don't understand physic." Now precisely in the same way we should answer a surgeon, who should begin to criticise theosophy. "Doctor, when we wish to be cured of our next fit of gout, we shall certainly apply to you, because you have studied gout; but we do not care a rush for your invectives against theosophy or freemasonry, for you know absolutely nothing of either of them."

The Syncretic rule is of the greatest importance in treating the subject of theosophy and freemasonry, because most of the preceding writers who have discussed it, have fallen into particular if not party views, and instead of delineating the fair proportions of the entire tree of knowledge, have attached themselves to some individual branch or ramification of it, to the rejection of the rest. Hence the grandeur, the harmony, and symmetry of freemasonic science have been sacrificed, and many of its relative doctrines exaggerated into apparent absurdity, while many others remain unknown or unheeded by its professors.

But while we adopt the Syncretic method, which endeavours to harmonise all that is true in each writer on the subject, we would shun that spurious kind of synchysis and confusion, which would jumble together truth and error, good and evil, virtue and vice, and attempt to harmonise things essentially inharmonic and incompatible.

And nowhere can this distinction be more important than here: for while true theosophy, freemasonry, and occult science, are eminently pure, bright, white, and candid, there is another spurious and degenerate kind, essentially diabolical, black, and infernal. While we stand up for the lawful study and cultivation of genuine cabalism, mythology, theurgy, and the magical and thaumaturgic sciences, in their classical and proper sense, as they have been cultivated by Reuchlin, Agrippa, Kircher, Campanella, More, Fludd, Helmont, Ashmole, Glanville, Selden, Heyden, and Sibley, we utterly abjure and abominate that degenerate and spurious kind of magic and goety, with which none can be conversant, but the wicked, the vicious, and the apostate. The purer forms of theurgy and thaumaturgy, have been sanctioned by the practice of saints and prophets, martyrs, truth-devoted sages, and self-immolating philanthropists. Their testimonies to this true and sacred theosophy, conversant with divine and angelic powers, are extant, and give dignity and nobility to the science. But the best things, when corrupted, become the worst, and we have no wish to deny, that there exists a horrible kind of goety, or invocation of evil spirits, comprising the black arts of sorcery, necromancy, and witchcraft, which lie under the anathema of all good men, and are justly banished to the haunts of vice and malice.

There let them dwell, like the ill-omened birds that shun the fair face of day. They love darkness, because their deeds are evil.

Taking this extensive view of the subject, we consider it the more necessary that the present style of Freemasonry should be enlarged and reformed—that its proper moral and intellectual discipline should be more carefully maintained, and that it should be thrown open to popular study, so far as might be done without violating those peculiar secrets and signs of recognition which are essential to the maintenance of the club.

We are anxious for the moral and intellectual amelioration of the Freemasonic fraternity, because we believe that this fraternity has exerted, and is still exerting, very philanthropic influence on the body of society. At the same time, it must be allowed, that at different periods this moral and intellectual discipline, which gives Freemasonry its principal value, has been woefully neglected by many of its individual members; and this to so great a degree as to bring the whole of the Freemasonic institution into disrepute among certain respectable classes, and to raise, both in Europe and America, a strong Anti-masonic body, eager for the abolition of all lodges.

Now, we believe that it is both very possible and very desirable to reform and liberalise Freemasonry, but wholly undesirable, and indeed impossible, to destroy her. You may ennoble, exalt, enlarge, and purify her, but she is stamped with the seal of immortality, and you will never crush or annihilate her. And, therefore, the present proceedings of the Anti-masonic party are foolish, vain, and mischievous.

Freemasonry is a great mixed institution, that has descended through all ages and nations. It is essentially mixed and composite, and as Smith so well demonstrates, in his "Use and Abuse of Freemasonry," it contains both good and evil, truth and error. In this respect, it precisely resembles the stage and many other mixed institutions.

Now we say, as to the lodge, what we say as to the stage—the part of true virtue and philanthropy is to reform those mixed institutions which you cannot destroy—to elicit and augment their good qualities, and to reduce their mal-administrations and abuses to the narrowest possible limits. This you can do; but destroy them you cannot. Neither God nor man will suffer you to demolish a mixed institution that contains many acknowledged uses, because it likewise presents many perversions and defects. Hence there is precisely the same sophistry in the arguments of those who would wholly annihilate Freemasonry, as in those of the puritans who would wholly annihilate the drama.

True wisdom is the critical art of justly distinguishing between uses and abuses. We are bound to seek the good, the whole good, and nothing but the good. But the very obligation to seek *the whole good*, forbids us to sacrifice many good characteristics of mixed institutions, because they happen at the same time to subtend a few malign influences. If the Deity were to act on any other rule, the planet we inhabit, and the other Titanian stars of all lapsed intelligences, would be instantly shivered into ruin—but He is more wise and more benevolent. No, we must not destroy the wheat because of the tares that spring up amidst its wholesome verdure. We are bound to preserve the wheat at all events, and, as far as we can, to eradicate the noxious weeds that

entangle and perplex its progress to maturity. This is a very simple, plain, and almost self-evident proposition, yet there is none which people more perversely mistake, and consequently fall into the most atrocious practical blunders.

THE QUIET DEAD.

O THE quiet dead ! the quiet dead !
 They sleep at rest in their straitened room ;
 The earth-worm's palace provides their bed,
 To banquet the earth-worm is their doom.
 The sun may shine bright, the stars may rise,
 The world may travel its weary round,
 But never a ray can reach the eyes
 Of those who slumber beneath the ground !

The miser's god was the yellow ore,
 The daily toil of his niggard life ;
 Each added coin that increased his store
 Was dearer than friend, or child, or wife.
 But now he sleeps where no thirst of gain
 Can light up his pulse benumbed and cold ;
 Though near his coffin may lurk the vein
 Of all he valued—the precious gold.

The lover blest in his mistress fair,
 Enraptured hung on her tender smile ;
 And where *she* lingered, the very air
 Of Heaven seemed purer to him the while.
 But now he sleeps where no fond caress
 Can ever his drowsy slumber break ;
 And vainly her melting lip would press ;
 Can her warmest kiss the dead awake ?

The miser's young heir is wild and gay,
 Freely he squanders the old man's store ;
 The lust of pleasure, the rage of play,
 At length will land him on ruin's shore.
 The lover's mistress has dried her tears,
 Another feasts on the ruby lip
 Whose treasures were *his* in by-gone years,
 Whose sweets were only for *him* to sip.

Then better far that within the earth
 The miser lie in his final sleep ;
 For he sees not there the reckless mirth
 Which scatters hoards that he loved to keep.
 And better far that the lover's rest
 Should be where he sleeps in silence now—
 He hears not her, whom his soul loved best,
 Forget her faith for another's vow.

O the quiet dead ! the quiet dead !
 They sleep at rest in their straitened room ;
 The earth-worm's palace provides their bed,
 To banquet the earth-worm is their doom.
 The sun may shine bright, the stars may rise,
 The world may travel its weary round,
 But never a ray can reach the eyes
 Of those who slumber beneath the ground.

D. G. O.

DAFT JESSIE OF LEITH.

No. 5.—Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club.

By Order, NICK SOBER, Hon. Sec.

"MANY a touching scene I witnessed during the war," said the Major, as he placed his fore-finger pensively by the side of his nose, and threw his right leg over his left. "I have seen more than most men." "So have all travellers," interrupted Balance, half ironically and half seriously. "Right, Ned; but now all mankind are broken loose upon the world; and if you tell a good story now-a-days, ten to one but your young traveller can tell you a better. This makes a prudent man silent; and the world loses, on account of this traveller's itch, a good deal of amusement,—ay, and of instruction too: more's the pity for it! This disease is a frightfully contagious one—worse than the real Scotch fiddle; and the sick man begins to find it so, for though he must carry it about with him, he begins to be a little ashamed of it. Now, during the war, if a fellow told a marvellous tale, he told it so roundly that every body knew the worth of it; but your modern tale-teller is a shrewd dog, and mystifies you so completely with his asseverating grimaces, that he would shake even the incredulity of a barrister, despite his quips and his cranks and his cross-questioning. But it won't do: an old soldier is not to be frightened by blank cartridge. Look you, my friends, a shotted cannon won't make a louder report than an unshotted one, but then it will strike and the other won't, and that's the difference between the real truth and the likelihood." Ned here threw out a hint that he suspected the Major to be an artilleryman, but upon what grounds we do not know. The Major, however, taking the remark literally—for he always fires point blank himself—protested that he belonged to the Line, and to the —; we believe he here named the number of his regiment, but we have forgotten it.

"There are many things that turn up during a life of adventure," resumed the Major, "which a quiet civilian would hardly dream of. A drawing-room carpet is not a map of the world, and a feather bed is something more comfortable than the branches of a prickly pear tree, which once fell to my lot, as I leaped over the ramparts of a fort in the West Indies, when the French rushed in at the other side."—"Running away is a fit which generally seizes on brave men once in

their lives," said Ned. "Frederick the Great made what soldiers call a hasty retreat at Mollwitz; Murat, fancying the enemy was in the rear instead of in front, did the same thing. You may, my dear Major, be a greater hero than we take you for." There was a mixture of civility and irony in Ned's manner which troubled a little the Major's comprehension, more especially as Dick Careless indulged in that grave smile which often steals across his features at the observations of the sprightly member. "Every man does not get his deserts," remarked the worthy officer in a dubious tone. "True;" interrupted Ned: "the Romans gave an obsidional crown to him who first scaled the ramparts: pity you were not a Roman!" The smile grew broader, and the Major, beginning to perceive a glimmer of moonshine through this dark wit, answered hastily, "Speak plainly; Mr. Balance, you may as well abuse a man behind his back, as slur him in this sleight-of-hand way. I don't like a man to give me a blow, and then beg my pardon, and say he did not mean it!" The Major's blood was up; the glow of anger spread over his cheek; but it flickered like a flame, and died away in a moment.

A pause ensued, during which the testy officer took a draught of rum and water, and lit his cigar. As he was about to return his cigar case to his pocket, he looked around him in a peculiar scrutinising manner, as a seaman glances at the sky to ascertain the state of the atmosphere, and opening his case again, and smiling, perhaps at his own intemperance, he stretched his arm across the table, and begged Ned to take a cigar for company's sake. This was done in such a generous, touching manner, that we verily believe that Manlove would, if it were possible, have leaped into the bosom of the amiable officer. He fidgetted about on his chair, and his eyes glistened with the ardent feelings that moved his heart. We know of no man who has a quicker and livelier appreciation of any thing lovely, estimable, noble, or virtuous in human character than Mr. Giles Manlove. A kind word or action operates on him as the approach of the finger affects the sensitive plant, and throws all his frame into a commotion, sometimes so intense that his delight has evidently had a dash of pain in it. Such are the men who go about the world doing good, soothing the sorrowful, assisting the indigent, and encouraging the virtuous. These are the true citizens of the world,—the real brethren of universal humanity. What if Mr. Giles Manlove sometimes betray an unsound judgment? we love him for his very weakness. What if he and the Doctor sometimes gnaw tough arguments upon the propriety of experimenting on living animals until there is scarcely an inch of argument left to divide between them? we honour him for his fervent benevolence. Let the hard of heart and the foolish sneer if they will; Mr. Giles Manlove can afford to pity them.

Humour and cheerfulness were soon again diffused among the members; and the poet, who was always glad to hear any of the stories of the war which the Major retained closeted up in his memory, requested that he would divert them that evening with some agreeable narration. The Major was seldom backward at a call of this kind, and he was more willing to accede now, as it had evidently been his intention when he joined the club to amuse us in this way. "You

know, Dick," said the Major in reply, "I can't use such long words as you can, and may be can't work a thing up so as to make a good story; but I can tell circumstances just as they happened; and as they affected me, perhaps they will affect you too.

"Once, on the field of battle, an old comrade of mine was struck down with a sabre: he was a kind-hearted fellow, and I liked him; and when I was able I went to the hospital to see how he was. Poor fellow! he was lying on straw in one corner of an old barn, and his head was leaning on the shafts of a waggon. On one side of him was my man Flint, looking piteously in his countenance; and on the other, an old woman, called Peggy Miles, a follower of the camp, who placed one arm around his neck, and held a cup of water to his lips with the other. I stood still for a moment to regard him,—he moaned—and my heart bled. 'How is he now, Flint?' said I. 'Dying, Sir. The last drop has ebbed from the wound—the spring is almost dried up; he may live five minutes, not more.' 'How knowest thou?' interrupted I. 'Art thou the surgeon? there is hope while the life is in him; surgery will cure him.' 'He is past all surgery, Sir;' answered he. 'Dr. Graves has seen him; and 'tis all over with him in this world.' My bosom heaved—I looked on the brave fellow again; his lips were blue, and his head was turned away, resting on the arms of the old woman. She was a poor shrivelled creature, withered like an autumnal leaf: yet there was some goodness left in her, which the ribaldry of camps could not pollute. She had a blue, watery eye—perhaps it was a tear which glistened in it; and I think so the more, because as she swept his locks over his brow, and gave him the water to drink, she sighed, and ejaculated in a plaintive soliloquising tone: 'I was a mither ance.' I know not how it was; but these words affected me deeply, and I have ever remembered them with melancholy feelings. Flint cast his eyes from the dying man to his nurse, and from the nurse to the dying man, and so on, again and again. I knew what was passing in his mind; but there was no resemblance between them. The good fellow saw his error, and when the wounded man groaned, his heart softened,—he passed the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, and complained that the cold wind made them water.

"It was touchingly impressive. 'I was a mither ance,' said she, and offered him the cup to drink. She was clearly thinking of the mother who would lament him: the pangs of a bereft mother were known to her, and she had a deep sympathy for affliction; for her own children had died in battle like him, without a friend to hear their last sigh.

"So much tenderness in an aged bosom was like a spring in an Arabian desert. All was drought and desolation around it; but here were the pure gushing waters, where the thirsty and the weary might come and drink. There was a history of sorrow in her words,—few though they were—but they were full of sensibility, of simplicity, goodness, love. 'I was a mither ance!' Forgive me, I almost weep to repeat them." The Major did weep, to the honour of his heart be it said, but he recovered himself soon, and continued:—

"I sent Flint for the doctor; but as he went away he shook his head, feeling that it was useless. He was a smart man; and his

opinion was, I feared, but too just. I went to the window, and drew back a cloth that was placed there to keep out the light, and then taking the hand of my poor friend very gently within my own, I pressed it; the touch thrilled through his soul: I felt his fingers close upon mine, and he cast his glassy eyes upon me. He seemed to struggle for a moment with renewed animation—but it was transitory,—his eyes fixed; he gasped. ‘Wilt thou take a little wine?’ said I. He muttered something between his lips, but it was unintelligible. I turned away to get the draught for him, but he gasped again. I put my hand against his side; it was cold—very cold. His heart quivered—I heard a low inspiration—I gazed anxiously on his features, and asked internally, ‘Is this life or death?’ My soul vibrated; but life gave no sign. ‘Is he dead?’ ‘Yes!’

“At this moment the Doctor and Flint entered; but my heart bounded into my throat, and I pointed to the corpse. The ghastly eyes were still looking towards the ceiling, as if searching after the soul that had gone into eternity: the Doctor put his fingers on his wrist, but there was no pulse; the machine was stopped—the engine was broken up. The old woman saw the doctor’s judgment in his hopeless countenance, and, ready to perform the last office, she stooped down, and, without speaking, closed the eyelids of the corpse.

“The sick man had not spoken a word, but affliction requires no complaint to touch the soul. He had been my companion, and the chances of war had taken him away. ’Twas a sad reflection, my friends; and a soldier, though spilling blood, can be sad sometimes over the misfortunes he is the author of. Here was the body of my poor friend lying prostrate like a deserted city. I knew it in its prosperity, when the life-blood was circulating through it, diffusing strength and happiness; the workmen were at their labour, and the sentinels were on duty keeping watch against the enemy. Then the glorious city feared nothing, and held the enemy in defiance; but the ravager came suddenly upon it in the night, when the sentinels had no warning, and the workmen were unprepared: the city was sacked; the soul—the commandant—fled, and the other inhabitants were put to the sword; the walls were razed to the ground, and the city was a desolate ruin. Death is the great enemy of the world; we should therefore be prepared to encounter him. While I looked piteously on the dead body, Flint came up to me, and said doubtingly, ‘This will be the last of Captain Lyon’s battles, Sir.’ ‘Yes, Flint, it is a battle we must all fight; and it will be the better for us if we are victorious. The Articles of War forbid our running away; and if we are beaten, the enemy will put us in chains for ever.’ ‘A good soldier,’ said he, ‘would not mind these terms if death were a fair fighter, but you cannot wound him.’ ‘This is a mistake of thine, Flint,’ answered I. ‘Death may be slain, if a man will do his duty. A man must carry the sword of Truth in his bosom. Do you read your Bible, Flint?’ ‘A’nt please your honour, I do,’ replied he, ‘and I remember now it is something as you say.’ ‘Read it whenever you can, Flint; for it contains the Christian’s Articles of War, and I’ll warrant me you will be the better soldier for it.’ Flint understood my allusion, and promised to study

it carefully : ' For in such a fight as this,' said he, ' every man should know the rules of the contest.'

" I have been imperceptibly drawn into a longer account of this little incident than I intended," said the Major ; " but the thing took possession of my mind, and I could not finish it sooner. 'Tis but a poor tale, I know ; but there is that in it, which if Dick had it, he might turn to something good." "'Tis best in thine own style," answered Dick ; " adornment would spoil it. A simple incident should be simply told." The Major felt the compliment, for he held Dick's critical talents in very high esteem. Even Ned said something in praise, and his customary sarcastic temper seemed to be quelled by the genuine earnestness of the Major's narration. We have often observed, that there is no member of the club who can so effectually harmonise our feelings as the Major ; and we think that this power is due, in a great measure, to the simplicity and truth of his manner. Earnestness is the secret of eloquence ; and if a man would impress his hearers with such sentiments as he would convey, he must himself feel, or seem to feel, their whole weight in his own heart. This is the peculiarity of the Major, who is thus naturally eloquent. His gesture and action always accompany the sentiment, and give infinite force to the pathos of his expression. We are very sorry that our readers cannot get a glance at the worthy officer during the narration of one of his touching stories, because we feel that our report does him very inadequate justice ; for, in his moments of inspiration, a very potent charm beams in his countenance, which we find impossible to delineate with the pen. A motion was once brought before the club for the admission of visitors ; but it was negatived. The members, however, have lately become less ascetic, and we expect that visitors will shortly be allowed to attend our meetings, on the presentation of a member's ticket. This information will doubtless give pleasure to many who have been introduced spiritually to the members through the records.

" It was but a short time after the occurrence of this event, my friends," said the Major, apparently in the cue to continue his desultory tales, " that I fell in with a man who exceedingly astonished me ; but the story begins in early years ; and let me return to them. I was then a youth, and, I fear, a wild one—a tree that threw out young wood abundantly, but bore no fruit—pity for it—for an unsettled disposition was ever my bane ; beware of it. I was a Leith-man, and was never remarkable for anything, but making up a party to go to a penny wedding, or to take a speculative trip to Dalkeith. On these adventures, Jamie Morrison was always my companion. He was a merry fellow, with light heels for the strathspey, and a sweet lip for the bottle. Jamie was a little poetical too ; and let me tell you, Dick, if you can make anything of it, that many an hour I have spent with Jamie and Robby Burns, singing songs, and making them. Poor Rob ! His evil, too, was a wayward disposition. He was much older than myself, for I was but a boy ; yet I was fond of going to a house of entertainment where Robby resorted, standing treat, and enjoying a little jovial companionship. I did not know then that Robby's name was spread over the wide

world, but wherever I afterwards went, to the Indies or the Continent, and found Scotchmen, there I heard the same songs that I had heard Robby sing. Old thoughts and feelings rushed back upon my heart; and while I was proud to say that I knew the poet, a tear fell in pity for the man. Robby Burns is gone, and we must all go after him.

"Life, my friends, is often as brilliant as a rocket, and as transient too. We are thrown into the world; the flame breaks forth like a meteor, and burns with a bright glow; but it consumes its own nourishment, and suddenly dies away. It becomes blue; it sinks; revives perhaps for a moment; the eyes watch its re-illumination with anxiety. Ah! it sinks again; the flame scatters; and"—the Major raised his hand towards the ceiling, as if tracing its progress downwards—" 'tis the last spark; it falls, falls; it is not gone yet;"—the Major drew in his hand, and passed it before his eyes—"it is burnt out; you can see it no more; all is dark—dark as the grave! 'Twas but a brief flame; let us learn to read by its light. The rocket is thrown up as the signal for action; let us take warning, and be ready for the fight."

The Major stopped, for he seemed to have lost the train of his story; but after a little consideration, and a few whiffs of his cigar, which is a wonderful assistant to his memory, he recommenced thus: "Well, Jamie Morrison was a gay light-hearted fellow, about eighteen years of age, with a bosom lively to love, friendship, and all other generous emotions. His figure was tall and firmly knit together, and being conscious of superior strength, he often exposed himself to greater dangers than there was any occasion for. A bright blue eye, ever beaming with kindness and merriment, gave character to a handsome face, and let us into the boundless ocean of benevolence that swelled in his heart. Jamie loved a lass called Jessie Macreight, a sweet creature, spare as a Norway fir, but 'beautiful exceedingly.' I can remember the lovely girl with as clear vision as if I saw her pretty face shining in my glass," said the Major, as he raised the rum and water to his lips; "and her spirits were as warm and true to a man as this liquor here—which is not mean commendation—let her life be the witness of it. I once had a lurking fondness for Jessie," continued the worthy man, with a mixture of simplicity and archness; "but Jamie got before me in the adventure, beat me with forced marches and countermarches, and, at last, arrived at the citadel, stormed, and took it before I came up. We continued, however, the best friends, and Jamie often made me the repository of his love secrets, nothing doubting my interest in his heart.

"It was growing into the winter months, and Jamie usually spent his evenings at Jessie Macreight's, and, indeed, scarcely ever missed an opportunity of being in her company. The lassie had one of the finest voices I ever heard, as full and flexible as the nightingale's; and she charmed her lover, by adapting his songs to some of the popular Scottish airs, such as, 'Farewell to Lochaber,' 'Within a mile of Edinburgh,' 'O Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me?' and the incomparable 'Sweet Jessie of Dunblane,' which were her favourites. I frequently went with my friend, and as I could whistle a little on the

flute, and he had an excellent bass voice, we could get up a very agreeable concert, and could spend the evenings very pleasantly. But pleasures pure as these cannot last long; there is an envious influence in the world that is always breaking the strings of harmony, and throwing discord into our amusements. It is a sad fatality of life; but we must take the rough with the smooth; and as in a voyage a man cannot always expect favourable breezes, but must be occasionally tempest-tossed; so in life we must, during the calm, prepare for the storm, and during the storm, console ourselves with hopes of a calm. I have known enough of life, my friends, to know this," said the Major, with an air of experience. "I have been, in the morning, drinking and laughing with my comrades, and by noon struggling with them in the thick of the battle. These things teach men wisdom, and it is their own faults if soldiers are not philosophers." The Doctor here knit his brows, and was evidently calculating the possibilities of such an alliance. He was the more puzzled in his disquisition, as he entertained no high opinion of the Major's philosophical acumen. But leaving the Doctor to his doubts and subtleties, let us follow the Major in his narration.

"The winter of the year 1792 set in very cold, and we were glad to occupy our minds with social pleasures; for all out-of-door exercise was prevented by the snow. This was, under the circumstances, an agreeable alternative to my friend, for he was thus thrown more into the society of the fascinating Jessie Macreight. The merry season of Yule at length arrived, and brought with it the usual festivities. Jamie was the foremost in leading on the circle of pleasures, and wherever there was a rustic merrymaking, he was sure to be present. An invitation was unnecessary. Jamie depended upon his natural gaiety of heart to ensure for himself a hearty reception. These feasts were kept up with the usual Scotch spirit of sociality till Hogmanay night, or the night preceding New Year's morning, when, alas! poor Jamie found that poison had been instilled into his cup of pleasure.

"He had seen his lovely Jessie in the morning, and had requested her to sing, almost in the spirit of prophecy, the plaintive ditty of Lochaber; yet little did he then think, that the words ending the first verse would form so apt a description of his future condition:

‘These tears that I shed are a’ for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.’

"But such coincidences happen in life, and they are strange indeed. Perhaps Jessie Macreight had never looked more beautiful than on the present occasion; for she had joined with her lover in the revelry of the season, and had often received the tribute of admiration which grace and beauty ever exact. She smiled frankly, and moved fleetly and gracefully as a sea-mew skimming the surface of the waters. I saw her sitting on the knee of her lover, with one hand closed in his, and with the other tossing about the auburn locks that straggled profusely around his forehead. It was done in the confidence of love and truth; perhaps perfidy had not yet entered the sanctuary of a Scotch cottage.

"Many people, in this age of corruption, may smile at the simplicity of Jessie; I weep at it, while I love to remember it. O sweet simplicity! thou offspring of Love and Virtue! in how many native charms art thou drest; and yet how awful art thou in the midst of thy fascinations! Like a beautiful temple art thou dedicated to the Divinity. We admire the elegance of thy proportions and the grace of thy decorations; but our hearts are sobered down to piety, for we feel that thou art the sanctuary of Truth! Are there any, sweet Simplicity, who would profane thine altar-place, and make a mockery of thine innocence! Let us believe, for the honour of human nature, that there are none. All who love in truth must adore thee! Who is so hardened to the tender susceptibilities of our nature, as to despise such coy outpourings of affection as flowed from the bosom of Jessie? Dear maiden! none can dare to deride thee; Truth and Innocence are thy spear and shield. Let them endeavour to undermine thee by cunning, attack thee by stratagem, deceive thee by false marches, or rashly rush against thy couched spear, still they cannot harm thee; Virtue will sound her trumpet, and Charity, and Valour, tried veterans, will rally to give thee aid. And yet the ways of the world are strange! They were so to thee, Jessie; I grieve much."

The Major paused, and seemed to be reflecting sorrowfully on past events. He placed his hand upon his forehead, drew it gently across, and then said, "Poor Jessie! thy heart was too tender to combat with the vicissitudes of this world; 'tis too mournful to think of thee. 'Take thou care, Jessie,' said I, as she thrust her fingers through the hair of her lover; 'there may be a snake hid among the tresses.' She blushed for a moment, then cast a look of confidence on the youth, and answered, 'I can charm it if there be; its sting will never give me pain.' Jamie pressed her to his bosom, and the liquid light of love beamed through his eyes. The youth now rose to depart; Jessie followed him to the door. 'Wilt thou be a true lover,' asked she, 'and be the first with thy hot-pint?' 'Dost thou doubt me, Jessie? Truly thou hast a low opinion of my love for thee.' 'Nay, thou art an idle fellow; Mike will be here before thee.' 'Ah, Jessie,' replied he, 'tis unkind of thee, but I will be the first fit, as I love thee.' The maiden was about to withdraw, laughing, but Jamie caught her hand. 'Thou shalt not,' she exclaimed, in a sweet voice, and she covered her face with her left hand. Jamie drew it aside. 'Nay, an' thou dost, I will not love thee.' Jamie gazed on her features, as the disordered hair fell over them. He saw no denial there, and bending his head, while a triumphant smile played about his lips, he pressed her rosy cheek, and she fled.

"Jamie left the cottage in proud elation of spirit; and feeling his soul winged for enterprise and pleasure, he proposed that we should visit some of our neighbours, and dip into their whiskey-casks, in acknowledgment of the hospitality of the season. I agreed, for I had nothing, at that time, to occupy me but pleasure; but it was a foolish thing, and many a time since have I repented of it. We called on many acquaintances, and as we partook of the generous beverage offered to us at every house, we were brisker than we ought

to have been, when we ended our visits. The evening set in, and as we were willing to finish the day as we had begun it, we went to a neighbouring farmer's house, and joined in a lively Scotch reel, and played in all other Christmas gambols. Thus towards the end of the evening, our spirits were raised to a pitch of intense excitement, careless alike of danger and its consequences.

"The clock had struck twelve, and the watchman echoed it through the streets, when Jamie, determined to be the first fit at Jessie's dwelling, took his hot-pint and his short-bread, and sallied from his house. He was far gone in liquor, and at such times was of a quick temper. Intemperance, my friends, is the curse of the heart," said the Major, with energy, while he unconsciously lifted the glass to his lips. Balance smiled, and winked his eye at Dick Careless, who quietly removed the spirits from the Major's elbow.

"I have known more men lose character and life," continued the worthy officer, "by hard drinking, than, perhaps, by any other means. It is a foul spirit, and when it goes into the heart, all goodness goes out of it. Jamie, unfortunately for him, was but too addicted to whiskey, and too susceptible of the influence of it; and that ruined him. A man may have a lading aboard of all good principles, but if his reason, the captain, lose the command of the tiller, by such a folly as this, it will surely be the wreck of them. Let us always keep a steady eye to the wind, for a sudden squall will upset the stoutest vessel. Jamie was going to Jessie's, and, perhaps, not walking oversteadily, when he met with several other youngsters bound on a similar errand. They were all pretty full of whiskey, and on some altercation taking place, they fell to blows, and a general scuffle ensued. The noise brought a watchman to the place, who, by virtue of his office of maintaining the peace, went in among the combatants. The first person whom he grasped was Jamie, who in his struggle to separate himself from the clutch of the other, raised his bottle, and struck him on the temples. The man reeled, fell to the ground, and rose no more. The young men immediately dispersed in terror, and left Jamie alone beside the corpse. He parted the grey locks from the old man's forehead, and saw the blood issuing from the deadly wound he had given him. There was no motion in his limbs, nor pulsation at his heart; and when Jamie felt convinced that life was gone, he threw himself upon the ground, tore his hair, and wept like a poor child. The spirit of manhood left him, for the suddenness of terror paralysed his strength. This frenzy lasted a few minutes, and then becoming conscious of his own danger, he ran home, to seek shelter from the law. I was in the house when he arrived, and a wilder expression scarcely ever before sat upon a man's face. His eyes rolled incessantly to different parts of the room, as if suspicious of danger; he breathed quickly and anxiously; his body trembled; his hair was roughly disordered; and alarm marked his countenance. His mother's anxiety was instantly awakened. 'What ails thee, Jamie?' said she. He stared at her vacantly, turned away, and burst into tears. His mother placed her arm around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom, while a tear trickled over her wrinkled cheek, and she continued: 'Do speak

to thy mother, Jamie; an' sure something has happened to thee? Art thou hurt, or ——' 'O mother, mother, mother!' exclaimed he rapidly, and walked in trepidation across the room. His father now interfered, and begged him in a tone of doubt, not unmixed with harshness, to disclose the cause of his sorrow. The poor fellow could not bear it; he staggered, fell upon his father's shoulder, and sobbed piteously. The tears rushed into my eyes. 'Jamie,' said I, 'an' wilt thou not be open with us? Thou canst not have aught to hide from thy mother?' 'I cannot tell,' answered he, 'and yet—it will break your hearts—do not—do not ask me.' His mother took his hand, and with the most supplicating expression of face I ever saw, said in stifled accents: 'Thou wilt break it, Jamie, an' you tell me not of it. Think that it is the mother that bare thee, that is now begging of thee—tell me, Jamie—thou can'st not fear thine own mother!' There is something deep and awful in domestic grief," said the Major, "and such a touching trial of feeling is never to be forgotten. It comes back upon my heart with the freshness of reality, and I can see the father, mother, and son, supporting each other in one embrace.

"Jamie knew that the dreadful news must be communicated, and fearing to acquaint his mother with his own lips, he gently released himself from her embrace, and taking his father a little aside, he whispered something in his ear which made the old man start back in an agony: he gazed upon his son in an inexpressible manner, and animation seemed to be suspended: 'twas a fearful pause—his wife ran up to him, and recalled him to consciousness. 'O Jamie, Jamie!' he cried out, and the tears burst their flood-gates, and coursed along his cheeks, 'twas an ill deed, God forgive thee—God forgive thee, my son!' The mother soon learned the intelligence from the father, and such a scene of sorrow as I then witnessed would melt the hardest heart. Sighs and sobs were the only audible sounds, and each figure sate motionless as a stone. 'Tis all before me;" continued the Major, "even the sheep-dog partook of the general grief, and crouching at the feet of his master, uttered a mournful howl, that thrilled on the feelings of humanity. It was a chord struck in harmony with sorrow, and smote our trembling hearts. Unhappy Jamie, there is a deep lesson in thy life." The Major's voice sunk to a low earthy tone; he hemmed once and again to clear his throat, and sighed. The short interruption which followed gave an opportunity to Manlove to express the tender perturbation of his spirit. He lamented the untimely accident, and inveighed in general terms against the use of ardent spirits. The Major now recovered himself, and explained that discipline was everything; that it was the abuse and not the use of whiskey that did the injury, and made the final peroration to his argument by begging the Poet to pass him the glass, that he might moisten his throat, in order to continue his story. The Poet granted the request, and the Major continued.

"The night was advancing, and the parents felt it necessary to adopt some immediate steps to secure their son from the law. Many were the schemes proposed and rejected, till the youth himself suggested that he should be hidden in a vault in the Canongate kirk, which belonged to the family. The plan was considered feasible, and the

father and son immediately set out during the darkness of night for the churchyard. They arrived there unperceived; the son entered the vault, shook hands with his father, but uttered not a syllable.

"On the next morning the neighbourhood was in an uproar; the law officers ran about in quest of the culprit, and ransacked every part of his father's house, where a man could possibly be hidden. The parents were subjected to a rigid examination, but nothing was obtained concerning the hiding-place of their son. For upwards of a week the quest was continued unabated, but no discovery took place. Meanwhile, the father went every night to the vault with the food necessary for the sustenance of the youth, and hearing that a vessel was about to leave Leith for foreign parts, engaged a passage for his son.

"From this time nothing more was heard of Jamie Morrison, and the rumour of the town gradually died away. Although speedily forgotten by others, yet there was one bosom that ever remembered him—one heart that was still bound to his by a link that could never be broken: it was now the unfortunate Jessie Macreight. Lovely Jessie! but I cannot now touch upon her fate; it would unman me." The Major hesitated. "Well, my friends, I did not remain at home long after this, but entered the army, to seek the fortune of a soldier—a hard service, and yet one that is congenial to manhood: to-day without any food but green grapes, and glad to get them; to-morrow marching over flinty roads, with an enemy worrying you in the rear, and cutting down the weary and the wounded; now retreating, now advancing, and broken down with the fatigues of countermarches, lying supinely on the heath at night, with the great coat of a dead comrade for a pillow.

"Years elapsed; I had fought in almost every quarter of the globe, and had at length got to Flanders, serving in the army which acted in concert with the Allied Powers. After an engagement that had taken place, I was ordered, with a detachment and several wounded troops, to proceed to a division of the army stationed between Douay and Valenciennes, on the French frontier. The former town lay in our line of march, and if we could get permission to pass through it, we should save several miles, which was of great importance to men wounded in battle, and harassed by long marches. It was evening when we summoned the town; but the authorities, doubtful whom to favour or oppose, kept us long at the gate, professing, as we spoke half in English and half in bad French, that they did not understand our request. None of my men talked their language, but luckily there was an officer in their garrison who could speak good English, and he was made interpreter. He explained our jaded condition to the commandant, who, seeing that we had no hostile object, let us pass through the town. I drew up my men in the market-place for some time, while the baggage-waggons were passing through; and during the time I remained here, the interpreter advanced, and asked me if I was not a Scotchman, to which I replied in the affirmative. 'Then come with me,' said he, 'I wish some talk with you.' The stranger had the Scotch brogue, and evidently was not a Frenchman; but whenever I spoke rather loudly, he bade me be silent; 'For,' said he, 'the commandant will be suspicious of a plot, if he should hear that I am

acquainted with you.' 'With me! How can that be?' said I. 'I never saw you before!' 'Hush! come in.' We entered a private house, and giving me a chair, he sate opposite to me. 'You come from Leith?' said he inquiringly. 'I do.' He hesitated, and sighed from the very bottom of his chest. 'I know that—you lived at Muirfield.' 'Indeed! but who are you; we are not on equal footing!' I stared in astonishment, and endeavoured to scan the features of my new acquaintance, so as to recognise them. 'Do you think me much changed?' said he, observing my attentive look. 'Ah, grief has blasted me, no doubt! Don't you remember?' 'What! you! bless me! Jamie Morrison!' The memory of the man rushed through me like the shock of the first sound of battle. 'The same, Jamie Morrison!' he replied, and he embraced me with a burst of old affection. 'How are they all, my mother, father, and Jessie—how are they?' 'All dead,' answered I, 'but Jessie.' 'Dead!' he repeated, and sitting pensively for a moment with his brow upon his hand, he said, though I could hardly distinguish the words: 'More than one, then, has died on my account!' He then raised his eyes towards mine, as if he would speak, but his tongue was paralysed, and a tear glistened like a dewdrop in the sun. 'Well, Jamie,' said I, 'I hope you are a happy man now.' He looked at me—perhaps he thought I was mocking him; but heaven will witness to the earnestness of my soul: 'twas no mockery, and yet,"—the Major sighed—"it cut him to the heart; he looked at me, his eyes fell again. 'I was a fool!'" said the Major, interrupting himself, and striking his knee rather forcibly with his clenched hand—" 'I was a fool for it!' The poor fellow could make no answer. He shook his head, and as he bent it on his chest, a tear trickled down, and fell on his hand. I fixed my eye on it in sorrow; it reflected my own face as if to upbraid me, and I grieved. My sight grew misty; I could see it no longer; a tear twinkled in my eyelid, and trembled glistening over the lash—retired; rolled again on the lash—it hung quivering—dropped, and mingled its repentant waters with the other. 'Twas the holy alliance of grief—the union of two souls—the seal of friendship. 'And Jessie is still living?' said he, recovering himself. 'It is many years since I was at Leith,' answered I, 'but I have no reason to doubt it.' 'When you return, tell her you have seen me, and—no, tell her no more; we have been separated long, and must be separated for ever!' His hand fell heavily on his knee, as if it had been suddenly turned into clay, and he was lost in abstraction. The evening slipped away; and Jamie began to think it prudent that I should depart. We embraced ardently, and I went into the market-place, drew up my men, marched through the town, and encamped without the walls. Jamie, however, saw me the next morning before I set out, and again besought me to remember him to Jessie.

"When the campaign ended, I was ordered home, and taking advantage of the opportunity, I got leave of absence to visit my friends at Leith. I made the journey in one of the traders that were usually employed to carry men, newly enlisted, from Leith to Chatham. This was a better mode of travelling to an old soldier than going by coach, which was insufferably tedious. The captain of this vessel was a

rough, weather-beaten fellow, with much coarseness, and not a little drollery in his manners. He seemed to have but a small portion of sensibility; and if he could not treat misfortune rudely, he endeavoured to raise a laugh at it. Nevertheless I talked much to him, and made many enquiries concerning my native town. He, at first, answered me briefly, but afterwards, he indulged more in his rough humour, and gave me many graphic sketches of persons and things. 'Thou hast not been to Scotland of late,' said he. 'That's not strange: I bring many men from Scotland, but I carry very few back to it. Society is not deep enough there for good fishing, or, perhaps the fish are too wary. You may cast the hook many a time before you catch a Scot or his purse. It is a bad coast to get under a lee bow: Daft Jessie saved me last voyage, and, God bless her, she shewed more wit than many wiser ones.' 'Who is daft Jessie?' enquired I, somewhat tremulously. 'Hoot man! don't you know her? She is a hundred years old they say, though they lie; she looks sixteen, and never seems to grow older. Poor creature! she did me a good turn when I struck on the sands last voyage; she brought me a rope in her skiff, and saved the vessel. No, no, daft Jessie is a good soul!' This expression of gratitude from the bosom of the rough mariner touched me tenderly. 'And is it Jessie Macreight you mean?' I inquired in an anxious tone. 'Ay, it is: her lover was obliged to fly from the country some years ago; and they say that drove her mad. That's rather hard to believe; but if she's mad, she's a kind creature for all that. She is walking for ever on the sands, or rowing about in her little skiff, and she sings like a mermaid. All the world knows her, and when you enter Leith harbour, it's bad luck if you don't see daft Jessie: but she is always there. She never speaks, and that's odd in a woman—perhaps, the greatest proof of her madness; but daft Jessie is withal a good soul!' Poor Jessie always was a good soul, thought I, and she must be a good soul to get thy commendation. I sate down with my arms folded, and fell into deep contemplation. Reminiscences of the past and the changes of the present occupied my thoughts, and threw me into a melancholy that had a strong tincture of grief in it. The revolutions of time teach us the uncertainty of life, and the frailty of our own nature, and humiliate our confidence in the things of the world. 'Do you see that black spot, Sir,' said the skipper, 'rising over the weather bow?' Placing my hand over my brow to shade my eyes from the rays of the setting sun, I looked through the rattlins, and after a moment's search, I saw a small boat, swimming on the waves, with one person sitting up in the stern of it. 'That is daft Jessie,' said he. 'It is now growing near sunset, and perhaps she will be on the beach by the time we land. She is seldom on the water after sun-down.' I kept my eyes on the small object with a keen gaze, until, as we approached the town, I saw the maiden guide her boat to a distant part of the beach, and, after fastening it to a stone, pass slowly along the sands.

"Anxious to accost her, I begged to be immediately set on shore, and the master willingly granted me my request. 'She will not speak to you,' said he, as I placed my foot upon the beach. I did not answer, but resolved to make myself known to her. As I turned off in the direction of the maiden, I observed that she frequently stopped, and looked anxiously along the horizon; and after one of those searching

glances, she sate down on a balk of timber that was lying on the sand close by her. I would not approach her suddenly lest I should alarm her, but, being acquainted with the favorite songs of her youth, I hummed, as I advanced, the beautiful 'Jessie of Dunblane.' As soon as she heard the notes, she turned her head over her shoulder to discover who sung them, and then, as if losing all interest, she again looked towards the horizon. I now approached her seat, and seeing that she was not frightened, I sate down beside her. I had scarcely placed myself here, when she took up in a low voice the notes of the song where I had ended; but she ventured not to sing them aloud, and methought there was a plaintive tremulousness in her voice which arose from past remembrances. 'Tis a sweet ditty,' said I, in the kindest tone I could assume; 'but it suits best the cheerful simplicity of youth. I love it because mine early days are dear to me.' The mysterious maiden now looked deep into my eyes, and then turning away suddenly, crossed her hands over her bosom. Her features were the same as they ever were, and truly, as the skipper said, 'She seemed never to grow older.' Her face, though pale as the froth that broke on the beach before her, was yet unwrinkled, as if Beauty, jealous of the ravages of Time, seemed resolute to consecrate her to herself, by changing her, while yet a lass, into marble. She wore a plaid dress of a graceful form, and went barefooted. 'Dost thou know me, Jessie?' said I, again looking into her face; 'thou hast not forgotten all the friends of thy youth? thine old friend Mike has not forgotten thee, Jessie!' I would have said more, but I could not. My heart choked me when I saw the tear start into the eye of the maiden. 'Hush!' answered she, in a whisper, while she held up her finger and looked anxiously around her. 'They are after him—they have not done with him yet. Come into the skiff, or they will take us to the vault: they cannot reach us on the water.' She rose, walked rapidly across the sand, and I followed her. The rope was unloosed in a moment, and we were borne on the bosom of the ocean. Jessie took the oar, and with a little exertion sent the light shalop beyond earshot of the land; but she did not speak again, until impelled by feelings of curiosity and benevolence, I said softly, as if meant for her ear alone, 'I have seen Jamie; he thinks of you, and bade me tell you so.' 'Don't name him,' answered she, in the same low tremulous voice, 'they will hear you. His hands were not bloody? Ha!' 'No, Jessie,' replied I, 'they were very white.' 'Hush!' she interrupted, 'they won't believe you. They say blood won't wash out; and they tell strange things of him: but he is gone over the waters, and when the sun sets, I can sometimes see his red hand in the sky. He moans very often when the storm blows, and then I listen and weep.' She spake low and querulously, and sobbed. 'His voice is not changed, though he speaks to me softer than ever; they never hear him—she added, bending towards me, and looking mysteriously into my face—'since he went away; it is ——' The poor creature stopped abruptly, muttered to herself, and shook her head; she then extended her lean hand, and attempted to make a calculation with her fingers; but she stopped, and shook her head again. 'Tis twenty years, Jessie,' said I. 'So long!' Her eyelids drooped, and she was evidently looking into her own soul. I spake to her to dissolve her reverie, but she sate statue-

like, heedless of every thing. Her hands were crossed over her bosom as before, and once, in a low, almost indistinguishable tone, she said, 'Hush!' I gazed upon her with a feeling of sacred awe, and fell gradually into a silent communion with her soul: my eyes were riveted on her pallid face, and I felt as if an angel sat before me.

"A shudder passed through her frame. 'Jessie,' said I, 'the moon is rising; art thou not cold?' and I took her hand within my own to warm it there. She looked at me, and then at the moon, but she answered not a word. 'Thy blood must be chilled, Jessie,' continued I tenderly. 'Rest thy head on my bosom, and warm thyself at my heart.' She seemed regardless of what I said; and yet, as one might think contemning my solicitude, she dipped her hand into the sea, as the moonbeams played there, and bathed her temples with it. One hand had yet remained in mine, but she now withdrew it; and taking up a chaplet of seaweed, that was lying on the bottom of the boat, she placed it on her head. It was a strange thought of her's, but it accorded with the melancholy dampness of her spirits. She then took the oar, and glided the boat still further from the sands; and when she had done this, she turned her face to the moon, and began, in a low tone, the old song, 'Farewell to Lochaber.' As she proceeded in it, her voice increased in volume and harmony, and I recognised in it the same thrilling tones, that sung the same song on the morning before Hogmanay, twenty years ago. It was, perhaps, more touching than ever; and some of the cadences were modulated so feelingly, that, as they fell upon my ear, they opened the springs of feeling within me, and the tears gushed over my cheek. Nothing human but poor Jessie was my witness; and I indulged freely in the tender mood.

"When she had finished the farewell strain, she turned the skiff towards the beach, and within a few minutes the keel touched the sand. She tied the boat to the accustomed stone, and as we left I offered to assist her; but she sprang from me, and saying, 'Hush!' in a tone of cautious alarm, at the same time that she placed her cold finger to her lip, she darted up a narrow lane, and her tall slight figure was soon lost to my gaze. I often saw Jessie walking on the beach, or swimming about in her skiff, after this time; but, although she always glanced in recognition, she never again spoke to me. Her heart was broken, and her tongue silent!

"Daft Jessie is now no more. She went in her boat as usual one windy night; but in the morning the boat was seen, but Jessie was not in it. She was lost to the world long before, and few grieved for her; yet those who knew her early, sorrowed for her long."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—PAPAL INTRIGUES IN GERMANY.

[To the Editor of the "Monthly Magazine."]

SIR,—The moderation you display in the midst of the wild clamour and fierce party strife which is now desolating this country; and the truly Catholic spirit with which you acknowledge and appreciate the good

which is found in all sects of religionists, deserve the sincere gratitude of every lover of his kind. I particularly admire your courage in impartially considering the Romanists at a moment when Protestantism is exalted into an idol—a god of purity and light, without a blemish or spot; while, by way of contrast, Popery is represented as a demon of darkness, without a spark of good in its whole composition. You distinguish, of course, between the vast body which composes the church which is pleased to call itself Catholic, and the miserable junto of debauchee cardinals, pope's barbers, mistresses, and a host of hangers on of the Roman *curia*, which in the name of an old man with a triple crown, called pope, rules their hierarchy, and strives, through them, to rule and domineer over the whole civilised world.

You want the Romanists to disclaim the persecuting spirit which in the times of our fathers lighted the fires of persecution: but they will never do that which would compromise the claim of Rome to infallibility. Those fires were approved, nay, ordered by former Popes, and the present Pope and all his successors could not, without suicidal inconsistency, declare what were then called acts of faith to have been judicial murders. But there is not even the remotest inclination to do so. When, after a desolating war of thirty years' duration, the weary nations and princes concluded the peace of Westphalia, on the basis of equality of the Lutheran and Calvinist churches in Germany with the Romish, the Pope of the time solemnly protested against this act of mutual toleration, as an infringement of the first law of God. And although experience has shown that that treaty worked beneficially in practice, and the Romish church, although at peace with her sister churches, maintained its ground and prospered, when the German princes renewed in 1814 the ancient federal band on the same principle of mutual toleration and regard, the Pope again protested. In the former instance, the world laughed at the mad attempt to stop the course of events by a piece of parchment; and when the latter occurred, Europe was so much taken up with Napoleon's return from Elba, that the *brutum fulmen* was not even noticed.

But will any one, who observes what is now going on in Prussia, say that such proceedings did not deserve notice? The pope had entered into a *concordat* with the monarch of that country, by which the affairs of the Romish church, shattered as they had been during the French occupation, were, through the munificence of a Protestant sovereign, restored to nearly their former splendour. At the same time, the laws of the country respecting mixed marriages, and the supervision of the state over its ecclesiastical servants were acknowledged by the see of Rome, and the Government obtained the same privilege which had long been claimed and exercised by the Governments of France, Austria, and Bavaria, that all correspondence between the clergy and the Pope should pass through the ministry of ecclesiastical affairs, and that no papal ordinance should have validity in the country without the previous sanction of the king. How Rome and the hierarchy have kept these treaties the world has seen. On the instigation of the archbishop of Cologne, publicly approved of by the Pope, the Romish priests now refuse to sanction marriages between one of their flock and a Protestant, unless security be given that all the children of the parties shall be

brought up in their faith; and they have even been required to refuse the rites of their church to the party who should not submit to this tyrannical injunction. This same archbishop has acted in the most arbitrary manner against the Romish professors at the university of Bonn, suspected of being disciples of the celebrated Hermes, on the strength of a papal condemnation of the writings of their master, communicated through the Belgian newspapers.

When after all these and many more aggressions on the rights of the state, the Government forcibly removed the rebellious prelate from his see, the Pope issued a document of the most inflammatory kind, and Professor Goerres, of Munich, was induced to write against the king of Prussia in a manner which, without the utmost caution of the Government, would have driven the credulous Papists of its Rhenish provinces into open rebellion. Happily, however, all Catholics are not Papists; and more than one voice has been raised, among the enlightened portion of this numerous class of religionists, in favour of the State and the Protestant churches, and against the Roman usurpation. One of the most active of these, from the beginning of the contest, is Ellendorf. Although inferior to Goerres in style and dialectical powers, he has dared to enter the lists with that formidable champion of ultramontan claims. This man, formerly a violent Jacobin, and derider of all religion, then a servant of Napoleon, afterwards a fierce defender of German independence, and again a violent demagogue in opposition to the Prussian Government, is now, under the fostering care of the King of Bavaria, fighting the battle of the Roman *curia*, which, in order to replenish its empty coffers, is generally making desperate efforts to bring back the north of Europe under its galling yoke. The choice has been a wise one. Goerres is a dexterous fencer and consummate sophist, who fights with words as if they were things, and therefore peculiarly adapted to dazzle the ignorant multitude, to excite their passions, to render them mistrustful of their Protestant Governments, and intolerant towards their evangelical (I use the term as employed by the Protestants of Germany) neighbours, and all this under the mask of meekness and forbearance, which is to persuade the world that revolution and persecution are not the objects of his party. That the Prussian Government would not dismiss without investigation and trial certain Roman Catholic theological professors, obnoxious to the Archbishop, he calls an attempt gradually to undermine "the holy doctrines of the church." The professors who, relying on the protection of the laws of their country, would not resign their offices upon the mere *dictum* of their prelate, and who "rendered unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's," are stigmatised by him as apostates, purchased by the state for the nefarious purposes he attributes to it. If the King of Prussia, faithful to his own church and Protestant people, the public law of Germany, and especially the fundamental laws of his own country, attempts to oppose the proselyting claims of Rome with regard to mixed marriages, he is pointed out as pursuing a scheme gradually to deprive the Roman Catholics of Prussia of their sacraments. The church is represented as in a state of oppression and captivity, and its votaries are exhorted—to rise in arms? O no! For that Mr. Goerres and his party are too wise in their generation. After all the arts of rhetorical

falsehood have been exhausted to sting them to madness, they are told in honied words to submit for conscience' sake, but to watch against stratagems, to pray for the liberation of the church from "foreign" bondage, yet to be bold as lions in all things when it is necessary, rather to obey God than man. "The whole strength of his rhetoric," says Marheinecke, a Protestant divine, "lies in the ambiguity with which he constantly speaks of 'the church.' The church is in itself, for every conscious Christian, an idea of the most venerable kind; from it the sovereign receives his faith, and the state its most sacred sanctions. Of this idea Mr. Goerres takes hold, but only to substitute for it, in the rapid course and play of his eloquence, a thing which no longer is the church, and then to claim for this thing all the honours and privileges which are due to the true church. If you ask him, do you understand by *church* the pure, primitive Christian church, he will refer you to its human representatives, and the church with him is then nothing more than Popedom, priesthood, and all the perverseness and mischief which have passed themselves in the world for *the church*; he will also call it, as having pushed itself in between the primitive church and its restoration, *the historical tradition, the objective side*—nay, even the *paraclete* acting in the church. But if you again ask him, Whether by church he really means the Pope, the Bishops, the Jesuits, &c., he will reply, (no one would suppose that speaking of the church he only alluded to men!) No, he says then, it is a high power, scarcely differing from the Deity itself, which would meet the state with its stern rebuke, and open for it a dangerous futurity, if it dared to lay its hands on a rebellious priest."

On this subject the Catholic Ellendorf, in his epistle to Goerres, published under the title of *Thomas à Becket*, addresses him thus: "The church is the case which encloses the divine jewel. The latter consists in the treasure of doctrine and the means of grace, in which the continuance of redemption is humanly revealed, and reaches every individual. And as the doctrine can only be transmitted by man, and the grace is bound up with external signs, as it were the conductors by which they are conveyed to our souls, it was necessary to appoint men to preach the word, and exhibit the symbols of grace to other men. This is the priesthood in the church, out of which, analogous to other human institutions, grew up the hierarchy. And this you confound with the church—nay, with Christianity itself, and commit, on the very threshold of your deduction, a most serious and egregious mistake. For you remove that human hierarchy out of the sphere of humanity, making it divine; and yet the members of the hierarchy are still men standing as much in need of the treasures of Christianity as we poor sinners do. And while you thus identify the divine nature of the church with the humanity of the priesthood, you subject it to human weaknesses, perverseness, and error, and pull it down from its stainless heavenly purity into the dust of earthly pollution and frailty. The hierarchy, however, is not the church, it is only its servant, and, as in the state, bad servants may forget their calling, and ruin the state itself, without the idea of the state and its blessings being thereby destroyed, the hierarchy was able to do the same with regard to the church, without annihilating it, standing as it does beyond the sphere of human corruption."

This principle, and the fact that the hierarchy, so miscalling itself the church, has corrupted what it was called to represent, has abused

the spiritual power necessarily connected with its sacred office, for the love of rule and the lust of dominion, and that on the acquisition of these it has for many centuries past, even to the present time, employed the most nefarious means,—wars, rebellion, persecution, murder, perjury, &c., and, instead of a blessing, has become the curse of the world, may be said to be the theme of this author, and the developement and proofs of it form the burden of his numerous and still continued writings. Yet his is not mere empty declamation, slander, and abuse—the favourite weapons of his opponents; he opens the pages of history, and shows to all who have eyes to see, through the streams of blood with which they are stained, that the Romish church has been a step-mother to her children, a rabid, scolding, swearing, and cursing hag, fishing on all sides for power and possession, and using fire, sword, and dagger to defend every particle she had once acquired, never renouncing a tittle of her unfounded claims, and ever ready to re-assert what she had once lost, or to gain what she had never possessed. He makes it evident that the Reformation became indispensable through her corruption and sins; that it was the work of God to save his church, and prevent Christianity from being extirpated from the face of the earth. Yet, while this fact stared in her face,—while Protestantism established itself in spite of all her wicked efforts to hinder it, and Protestant states, after a deadly struggle, maintained honourable places in the European republic, and were acknowledged by all other powers on the footing of equality, she continues to protest against their existence, declares them to be nullities, and denies them every right in opposition to her priesthood, or even for themselves.

The following passage on the Reformation is peculiarly felicitous, and is powerfully expressed:—“Your view that God had only *permitted* and not *ordained*, the Protestant confessions and their equality of right with the Catholic church, I deny, because I believe in history and providence.

“History shows incontestably that the church greatly needed a reform in both its head and members, a purification of its doctrine and of the means of grace, from the abuses which had clung to their exercise; and the church itself has acknowledged this need. History further shows us incontestably, that the heads of the church refused that reformation, and did their utmost to prevent it: witness the records of the councils of Constance, Basil, Pisa, and Florence. God, who had promised to be with his church alway, was, therefore, compelled to interpose to save his beloved bride from destruction, and he ordained the Reformation. He has not permitted—no, he has ordained it. He had only permitted the degeneracy—the corruption of the church (for such was sin), and that God only permits, and does not ordain; but the Reformation is a divine ordinance, and a work of his planning. For unless you assume this, you can never justify Providence, but must eternally accuse it. For millions of men, with millions of their posterity, have, some without their knowledge, some contrary to their inclination, and some with a burning thirst after truth which could no longer shine from a corrupt church, passed over to the Reformation, adopted its doctrines, and can, therefore, according to the teaching of the (Roman) Catholic church, not be saved. Could God permit an event of such dreadful consequences to innocent millions? Nothing happens without him but sin; but he who will call the apostasy of the Reformation a sin, who will impute it to

the millions who followed it, and extend it to the millions of their posterity, making it an angel with a flaming sword to bar their way to heaven, must have lost both head and heart.

"If, then, the Reformation is a work of God's providence—if he introduced it to save and restore his church—if in its long life-struggle he has given it success and victory, and made it take root in the law and right of nations—it does not become the Romish clergy to refuse the recognition of that church and its rights; the less so, as it was they who, by their perverseness and degeneracy, have brought about the Reformation. Even if they regard it only as permitted of God, they are bound to acknowledge it; for that he did so, was in consequence of their transgression.

"And if you say, The Catholic church has indeed not approved of the Reformation, but it has permitted it, and recognised the equality of the human right of the other confessions equal to her own, and, moreover, inviolably preserved that charity which, being the groundwork of Christianity, is superior to all right—if you say so, history will laugh you to scorn, showing you that Pius IV. despatched an army of mercenaries to France, with the command to spare no Huguenot; that Paul IV. sent soldiers to Germany, in order, conjointly with Charles V., to extirpate the Protestants; that the Popes did the same in the thirty years' war, and blessed Ferdinand VII. for again Romanising Austria and Bohemia by force; that Alba received from Rome a consecrated sword to destroy the Protestants in the Netherlands; that Gregory XIII. had a *Te Deum* sung, and the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo fired, in consequence of the massacres of St. Bartholemew, because the heretical brood had been destroyed; that the Popes encouraged Philip II. to conquer England and bring it back into the bosom of the only saving church; that they publicly praised Louis XIV. and XV. for the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the forcible conversion of Protestants, and approved of this injustice and breach of a solemn treaty; that General Daun, as late as the seven years' war, received from Rome a consecrated hat and sword because he had defeated the heretical Frederick II. at Collin; that the church set up the Inquisition against Protestants, which deprived the condemned of their lives, and at least of their property, honours, and civil rights; that the Popes protested, not only against the peace of Westphalia, but, only 25 years ago, against the act of the German confederation, because the Protestants received in them an equality of civil and ecclesiastical rights with the Romanists."—*Der erste Triarier von I. von Goerres, von I. Ellendorf*, pp. 133, &c.

Thus this writer constantly goes back to history to show what the hierarchy has been; and then comes back to the present time, to show that it is still the same, always taking care to add the documents on which his deductions are founded. When, for instance, he has depicted in his larger historical work, the *Carlovingians and the Hierarchy of their Times*, how the Papacy, by means of false documents (the decretals), and by a skilful use of circumstances, contrived to lay the foundation of its temporal supremacy in Europe, and in another, *Bernard of Clairvaux and the Hierarchy of his Time*, how this ill-gotten supremacy was used, and to what a state of wretchedness it reduced the Christian world, both temporally and spiritually, he recalls us, in his

Historisch-Kirchenrechtliche Blätter für Deutschland, to our own days. Among other valuable documents presented in this periodical, we find an energetic letter of the present Pope, Gregory XVI., in which His Holiness declares the liberty of thought, of worship, and of the press, a *curst pestilence*, which all bishops are called upon to oppose, and, if possible, to banish from the face of the earth. Yet the most remarkable feature of the modern warfare of Popery, and which, more than any thing else, shews the want of principle and the subjection to expediency of the Roman *curia*, are the following facts. While they fiercely vindicate their assumed rights and church liberties in Prussia, which, in its disjointed position, and with the supposed hostility of its Papistical subjects on the Rhine and Poland, was considered defenceless, they allow these same rights and liberties to remain still in abeyance, not only in Roman Catholic France, Austria, and Bavaria, but also under the Protestant governments of Wirtemberg, Baden, and Darmstadt. While the Pope, immediately on the receipt of the news of the captivity of the Prussian archbishop, broke out into the fiercest denunciations against the government of Berlin, he silently allows the Emperor of Russia to deprive him of four millions of his spiritual subjects by a stroke of the pen, and to send refractory clergymen by scores to Siberia.

I am, &c., A. B.

II.—A REMEDY FOR PAUPERISM.

FROM A PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[To the Editor of the "Monthly Magazine."]

SIR.—The liberality of your principles induces me to presume you will admit in your columns the following outline of Fourier's plan for improving the condition of the poor. It is merely a preliminary step to higher orders of improvement, but, nevertheless, it is of considerable importance as a practical measure for diminishing pauperism.

After carefully perusing the Report of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, and making a special visit to Ireland for the purpose of examining the state of the poor of that country, I am strongly convinced of the necessity for improving the plan of operation which the government has adopted for Ireland as well as England; and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that a very simple modification may render the New Poor Law System, as useful as it would otherwise prove ineffectual.

One of the most effectual methods of relieving society from the pressure of pauperism, would be to establish Joint-Stock-Union-Banks in all agricultural districts, and as Union Workhouses have already been built in England, and similar buildings are about being erected for the same purpose in Ireland, it would be both easy and advisable to convert these establishments into Joint-Stock-Union-Banks, according to the plan which we here propose.

The government establishes a Joint-Stock-Union-Bank in each agricultural district. A building is erected large enough to accommodate several hundred very poor persons of different sexes, and conveniences

are secured for erecting work-shops, store-houses, stabling, and other industrial buildings at different times, as it may be found necessary to increase the extent and importance of the establishment. The building should be situated near a current of water which is not liable to be dried up in summer, when agricultural and manufacturing operations require a constant supply of water.

Those very indigent persons in the district, who have not the means of living by their labour without applying to the parish for relief, would be taken into the Banking establishment, and regularly disciplined in various industrial occupations. They would be fed, clothed and lodged in the most economical manner compatible with health and comfort. Their labour would be paid at a fair price, and every inducement would be held out to encourage them in placing their surplus earnings in the Savings' Bank. Those who were not able to labour, would be kept in the most economical manner, at the expense of the parish, or district.

These Banking establishments would have a double object in view: that of usefully employing the indigent poor, and that of drawing capital to the useful industry of agriculture; and, besides these positive functions, they would effect a variety of beneficial results, in diminishing pauperism, crime, idleness, depravity, and many other social evils.

One of the principal functions of the Bank would be, to lend money to those farmers and tradesmen who are paralyzed in their industry for want of capital: but, as the object of the institution is not merely to get money by money lending, the conditions of rendering assistance to the agriculturist would be made subservient to general interests.

Money would be lent on the deposit of grain or any other marketable produce, and, as the Bank establishment would become a mart for agricultural produce, it would employ the indigent labourers properly trained, to take care of its stores, and charge a very moderate price for store-room and labour, besides a trifling commission on the sale of the article. The Bank would be a productive agricultural and manufacturing establishment, and also a sort of commercial depôt, where money would be advanced to those persons who employed the Bank as a commissioned agent for the sale of goods or produce.

A sum amounting to two thirds of the estimated value of the deposit, would be lent at an interest of six per cent. without any extra charges.

This would enable small farmers and manufacturers to wait until their produce could be sold advantageously, without crippling their industry by a lack of capital or an exorbitant tax of usury. It would also employ a number of labourers in the care and management of stores, and where the farmers themselves were exceedingly poor, they might be usefully employed in various ways by the Bank.

The Bank would in no case have the right of purchasing the produce which had been deposited; so that its only interest in the sale would be the commission. If these Banks were allowed to purchase the deposits, they would soon become monopolisers; but such a course, being directly in opposition to the principles of the institution, should be strictly forbidden. One of the fundamental principles of the establishment of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks, is to do away gradually with a portion of that unnecessary dealing and retailing which now exists to the injury of all classes. It is also intended to diminish the practice of

intermediate possession: that is to say, merchants and tradesmen ought not to be the owners of the goods which they sell; they should be agents of the producers, and be entitled to a commission on the sale; but they should not be allowed to purchase for themselves, and put what price they like as a profit on goods which pass through their hands. In an uncivilised state, absolute liberty may be very useful, but, in a highly civilised state, absolute liberty becomes despotic anarchy; and so it is with the present state of commerce.

The Bank, then, would do business on commission only; and after the sale, the market price of the goods would be paid to the owner of the deposit, who would have a right of deliberating concerning the advantages of selling or waiting for a better market.

The Bank would rent several hundred acres of land in its immediate vicinity, with a view to purchasing the same at the earliest convenience. The poorest labourers of the neighbourhood would be occasionally employed, as well as the inmates of the establishment, in the various branches of industry; and these labourers would be fed in the cheapest and best possible style, compatible with the nature of the Bank, whether they were lodged or not within its walls. But as the resources of the Bank increased, the hired labourers might be lodged and clothed in the most comfortable and economical manner, and their numbers increased in proportion to the success of the establishment.

As the labouring population advanced in discipline, the various branches of industry might be rendered attractive, by applying the compound principle of division in labour; *i. e.* instead of keeping four men twelve hours together, each at one particular function, employ the four men together in each function, and change the occupation every three hours. Shorten time by increasing numbers. This method makes labour agreeable by the gaiety of companions, and the change of occupation, and, in most cases, it may be rendered as advantageous as it is agreeable.

In course of time, the following series of industrial operations might be successively added to the original institution, and form a constant source of employment to the poor of the neighbourhood, as well as a powerful means of practical education and improvement in the arts of industry.

1. An economical baking establishment to furnish wholesome bread to the poor, at the cheapest possible rate.

2. A similar establishment for butcher's meat, of all sorts.

3. " " for grocery and all the common necessities of life.

4. Several different branches of manufacture, such as confectionery, and other light occupations in which children might be usefully employed.

Glove making, stocking-weaving, and all light branches of manufacture in which women might be numerous and profitably engaged.

Cabinet-making, and other trades in which men might be advantageously occupied.

In agricultural districts, such branches of manufacture as do not require permanent attention should be preferred, so as to occupy the population in those seasons when agricultural labour is not required.

Besides these branches of industry, the establishment might undertake,

5. An extensive system of market-gardening.

6. " " for breeding all sorts of fowls.

7. " " for breeding cattle of all sorts.

8. " " for carrying merchandise, running coaches on

certain branches of road, posting, and indeed, for all sorts of profitable conveyance.

To these and other branches of productive industry might be added,

9. An office for general insurance, either on the individual or the mutual principle, or on both. Life assurance, fire assurance, and other branches of general insurance.

10. A Savings' Bank office might also be added, on principles which will be explained presently.

In fact, a considerable number of industrial operations might be carried on by the Banking establishment, to the great advantage of agricultural districts in particular.

The difficulty of organising such an institution does not consist in finding suitable branches of industry, but, in preventing such a powerful centre of operation from becoming an oppressive monopoly; and this may be easily effected by associating the middle class with the extremes in society, the government and the indigent labourers.

1. The government would grant charters for certain districts to different corporate bodies.

2. These general corporations would form Joint-Stock-Union-Banks in those parishes which were deemed most proper for the establishment of such Banks.

3. The amount of capital which was deemed necessary for the establishment of each Bank, would be divided into small shares of fifty, forty, thirty or twenty pounds each, as the case might be.

4. These shares would be taken by the middle class in general, or, at any rate, no one individual would be allowed to retain more than a certain number of shares, as a permanent holding. The object being to interest as great a number of persons as possible in the success of each individual Bank, and also to prevent any one individual or set of individuals, from acquiring an undue influence. Certain persons might however, be allowed to hold, conditionally, more than the fixed number of shares, in cases where a sufficient number of small share-holders could not be found at once.

These shares would be divided into three different classes: The rich, the middle, and the labouring classes. If we suppose 600 shares of £40 each, they would be divided thus:—labouring 100 shares, middle class, 200 shares, rich class, 300 shares.

These distinctions apply more to the interest of the capital, than to the rank of the holder, as the interest would be different on each class of shares.

Whatever was the general amount of dividend obtained by the Bank, that proportion would be given to the middle class; but the dividend of the labouring class would be a little higher, and that of the rich class a little lower than the middle term.

These three classes would each be subdivided into three different orders, which it would be too tedious to describe here. In the labouring class, the subdivisions would run thus:—No man would be allowed

to have more than one share in each of the subdivisions. The first share would be divided into *coupons* at an enormous interest to encourage workmen to become shareholders interested in the welfare of the establishment. When once a labouring man or woman had acquired one full share, it would pass into the second order and receive a lower rate of interest, during several years. After the lapse of time agreed upon, it would fall into the third order, at a still lower rate of interest, and, receive an ordinary rate of interest. The different orders of the middle and rich classes would follow a similar law of progression. It is not necessary to explain all the reasons for this method: gradual advancement is the law of life; stagnation is the commencement of dissolution.

5. Though the government would neither advance capital nor be a shareholder in these Banks, it would be associated in their operations, and have the right of controlling them.

After all the expenses of the establishment had been paid, and the shareholders had received an ordinary rate of interest for their capital, say five or six per cent, the government would be entitled to one third part of the surplus profits. This would form a considerable branch of revenue to the state; and, as it would be obtained by the means of useful industry, without depriving genius and enterprise of the necessary capital for continuing labour, it would come under the *positive* finance, and would enable the government to take off a similar amount of the old taxes which are levied under the blind and oppressive system of *negative* finance, taking away the capital of the people indiscriminately, without enabling them to organise superior methods of production, and without considering the injury it may inflict on a rising branch of industry which is stinted of capital.

6. The people would be associated in the operations of the Bank, by means of certain advantages held out to small industrial shareholders.

As a means of encouraging economy and morality amongst the labouring population of the district, the different branch Banks would allow those labourers who saved a part of what they had earned in the establishment, to acquire *coupons* of shares, and pay them a very high interest for the first sums which they had thus economised. Let us suppose, for instance, that the shares were of 40*l.* each; and a certain number of these shares were open for the labouring population to acquire them by degrees. Each share might then be subdivided into *twenty-five coupons*: five of four pounds each, ten of one pound each, and twenty of ten shillings each. The first category of ten shilling *coupons* to bear interest at the rate of *thirty* per cent; the one pound *coupons*, to bear an interest of *twenty* per cent; and the third category of four pound *coupons*, to bear interest at the rate of *ten* per cent. No capital, but the savings of labourers in the establishment would be entitled to these advantages.

This measure would be a powerful stimulant for the working people to acquire *coupons*, and, as the extraordinary rate of interest would cease when a labourer had acquired one full share, the trifling sums paid on the interest of a few workmen's *coupons* would not be felt by the Bank.

Besides this high rate of interest on the labourers' *coupons*, the Bank would take other means of raising the moral and intellectual standard

of the labouring population. As a further inducement for the poor to become shareholders, interested in the welfare of the establishment, public amusements of an innocent and rational nature would be given gratis, within the walls or the boundaries of the Bank, and wholesome malt-liquor, or more approved refreshments in proper quantities, would be furnished at a low price on such occasions. This custom would prevent the labourers from frequenting beer shops and other places of doubtful utility, where they now spend their earnings in ruining their health.

7. The government would have the control and the administration of the Bank, as it now has of the Post-office.

The shareholders would appoint their own agents and inspectors to control the operations of the government. They would form a council of trade to aid the Directors with advice in all purely industrial speculations. But in order to secure the interests of all parties, the Bank companies would have to lodge certain sums of money in the hands of government, as security against the chances of fraud, and the agents of different grades would be required to furnish a part of the surety-money as security against individual malversation.

These and other minute details of organisation would, however, be tedious and uninteresting to the general reader; and therefore we omit them. For the same reason, we avoid entering into a detailed account of the scientific principles of *checks* and *counter-checks* which constitute the basis of this system of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks, as a branch of what Fourier terms positive or productive national finance. It will suffice for us to state here, that the mechanism of these Banks would be equilibrated *internally* by the combined action of the extremes, or, the labourers and shareholders in checking the agents of government; and *externally*, by the liberty and competition of private establishments. These Union Banks form the primary branch of operation in the process of corporate combination, the object of which is, in this case, to guarantee society against the evils of incoherency in the collective interests of agriculture, and particularly against the increase of pauperism in agricultural districts.

The operations for combining the collective interests of commerce differ very materially from these; and the manner of combining the manufacturing interests differs from both. The different special plans of combination are, however, all adapted to one general principle of guarantee against the evils of *incoherency*.

These various details will be explained in a special publication; and if it be deemed necessary for government to commence combinative operations before these scientific principles are published, they may easily be communicated by means of personal application.

The mathematical principle, according to which the influence of the middle class is balanced and kept in equilibrium by the influence of the extremes, and *vice versa*, or, by which the influence of the capitalist is balanced by the government and the labouring population, is exactly analogous to the mathematical properties of numbers, in which the function of the middle term is equal to that of the two extremes.

In arithmetical progression, the middle terms added together are equal to the addition of the extremes. For instance, in the following

progression, 2, 4, 6, 8, the two middle terms, 4, and 6, are equal to ten, and the two extremes, 2 and 8, form the same amount. In geometrical progression, the middle term multiplied by its own power, is equal to the two extremes multiplied by each other. If we take 2, 4, 8, the middle term multiplied by itself, is equal to 16, and the two extremes multiplied one by the other, give the same amount, and form a balance of power.

These are mathematical principles which regulate the combination of individual and collective interests in the natural theory of association; but, as we have already said, the limits of this paper exclude all minute details. It is easy to perceive the analogy between these mathematical properties of equilibrium, and those which regulate the organisation of Union Banks. The middle class has a double power arising from the interest of capital, and the influence of council in directing the Bank, while the government has no interest in the capital, and only a general power of control to insure its own interest in the profits of labour. The labourers have only the influence of their numbers and an insignificant share in the capital.

It would be premature, to deem these regulations inefficient on account of the imperfections of the present superficial and fragmentary sketch. The principles are complete; and every part of the mechanism is adapted to the natural functions of a progressive policy. The effects of an increasing population, and other important social problems, are foreseen and provided for according to the progress of events.

The first things to be considered, at present, are the powers of production and economy which may be increased tenfold by means of superior combination and practical education. When the limits of these resources are pressed by excessive population, we must have recourse to external colonisation; but there is yet room for immense improvement by means of home colonisation and other branches of corporate combination. When these improvements have been realised at home, we shall have ample means for establishing external colonies of well educated, moral and industrious people, who will be able to repay the capital advanced for their collective establishment.

The error of Malthus concerning the final inefficiency of all systems of improvement, *only putting off the evil day, when the numbers of population must exceed the means of subsistence*, has been already exploded, and even if it had not, it would still be our duty to progress as far as possible in the work of improvement. Fourier's principles, however, furnish additional proofs of the imperfections of Malthus's speculations; but the solution of the problem stated by Malthus, is not obtained by denying those facts which are irrefragable. There is not the slightest doubt, that population would increase faster than the means of subsistence, so long as the productive faculties of industry were allowed to remain uncombined, and that, even by the highest degrees of science and industry, a limited quantity of land would only maintain a limited number of inhabitants; but instinct tells us, *a priori*, that God never intended a greater number of inhabitants to be born on any globe, than the proper cultivation of that globe would support in ease and comfort; and Fourier's discovery of the universal laws of nature, furnishes abundant proof of that fact. Excessive population, however, is one

of the natural scourges of incoherent industry ; and is undoubtedly intended by the Creator, as a stimulant to urge on human reason to the discovery of the laws of combination, which furnish a complete solution to the problem of population ; not by means of any one check, but by a series of operations which tend to increase the powers of productive industry on the one hand, and diminish the powers of generation on the other.

Integral association is the only natural and effectual remedy for social evils. It is the natural destiny of man upon earth ; and until he enters upon a career of truth, equity, economy and religion, or real harmony, he must suffer the evils of excessive populousness, increasing poverty and general depravity. The cry of "moral restraint," is as impious as it is illusory. The arbitrary reason of ignorant selfishness will never overcome the instinctive passions of nature, or finally thwart the designs of the Creator. The providential function of evil in society, is to stimulate reason in discovering the laws of truth and harmony, "*Seek and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened to you : there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed ; hid that shall not be known.*" Without association, neither art nor industry, science nor economy, religion nor morality can be rendered useful to the whole human race. It is the key-stone of social existence ; and without it society may languish for ever in the ruts of a vicious circle. The solution of social problems is absolutely impossible so long as incoherency forms the basis of society. Exuberance of population is inevitable without association ; but every evil vanishes before the breath of combination.

The partial organisation of collective interests, which we propose in this chapter, is but a preliminary step towards a general system of corporate combination, which, when completed, would only be a stepping stone to the grand desideratum, INTEGRAL ASSOCIATION. This partial measure would, however, be a powerful restraint on the increase of pauperism ; and, by the progressive combination of other branches of collective interests we should be gradually approaching towards integral organisation which would harmonise the whole interests of society.

It would be madness to suppose, that the whole system of society could be changed at once ; that a universal system of incoherency, false credit, fluctuating currency, increasing pauperism, depravity and excessive competition could be neutralized and banished at a breath. Time is a principal agent in the progress of improvement ; and in the present case, the chief consideration is, not so much the *extent* as the *drift* and tendency of the operation we propose. To those who are unacquainted with the difference between *simple* and *combined* corporate federation, this plan of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks may perhaps appear less important than it really is : nor is it strange that such should be the case, so long as the principles of scientific combination are ignored ; but a thorough study of these principles generates confidence in the universal efficiency of associative elements. The science of combination, like many other branches of science, has progressed from a simple to a refined state ; and it requires some degree of attention to discover the merit of superior principle roughly sketched, like the present plan of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks. A few general analogies, however, may

enable us to understand the principles of this mode of organising productive industry.

The mathematical principles of internal and external equilibrium, discovered by Fourier and applied to corporate combination, are exactly analogous to the principles which regulate the steering of a boat, and the curbing of a horse. These are every-day operations which are practically known, but not theoretically understood; and, simple as they appear, human genius was several thousand years at work before they were discovered. It is not enough to make a boat and place it on the water; we must invent the means of rowing it and steering. Nor is the simple fact of association all that is required in corporate-combination, we must discover the means of preventing Joint-Stock Companies from degenerating into fixed and exclusive monopolies. And yet, the boat is the principal part of a rowing apparatus, and Joint-Stock Companies are the chief elements of combinative operations in society.

If we seat ourselves in a boat without a propelling apparatus, we shall be carried away by the stream; and if we add a propelling apparatus only, we shall still be embarrassed for want of a regulating power; but with a pair of oars for a propelling power, and a helm with a double power of regulating our course to the right or to the left, we shall have a complete steering machine, which only requires judicious management to render it highly useful.

In the simple mechanism of a boating apparatus, there is a mathematical principle which is not perceived by every body; and this principle is exactly analogous to the properties of equilibrium in numbers. The function of the two oars is analogous to the two extreme terms of the geometrical series; and the double function of the helm, which guides the boat to the right or to the left, is exactly analogous to the power of the middle term multiplied by itself.

The same principle is carried out in the saddling, bridling, and governing of a horse. By means of the saddle and the stirrups, the rider is firmly seated on the horse, as in the boat; by means of the whip and the spurs, he has the double power of propelling or stimulating the animal, as the oars serve to propel the boat; and by means of the bridle reins, he has the double power of curbing and guiding to the right or to the left, as the helm in steering the floating equipage. Here, again, the spurs and the whip are two propelling powers analogous to the two extreme terms of the geometrical series; and the double function of the bridle, in guiding and curbing, is analogous to the middle term multiplied by its own power.

These are the universal mathematical principles which govern every well-regulated mechanism, in the moral as well as in the material world; and the proper application of these principles to corporate federation, constitutes the scientific character of Fourier's theory of association. He not only establishes association on an equitable basis, but he guides and propels, or rather regulates the guiding and propelling powers of action, according to the mathematical laws of series and progression; and, simple as the plan of joint-stock union banks may appear, it is entirely adapted or *co-ordained* to these principles.

The government, for the sake of increasing the revenue—the labouring population, for the sake of securing constant employment, and the

advantages of acquiring industrial shares in the capital of the bank—both lend their aid in propelling or advancing the interests of the corporation; and the middle class furnishes the capital and the councils to guide and curb the propelling powers of science and labour. These, however, are merely superficial views of the general principles, and quite inadequate to a thorough understanding of the mechanism.

To take up the principle of the boating apparatus as a familiar illustration of the combinative mechanism, we should say, that humanity is forced to swim down the river of terrestrial destiny in the best manner it may; and, in the present state of incoherence in society, the great multitude is left to struggle individually in all directions, bandied about by the stream of events, while a favoured few have constructed boats for themselves, which economise the efforts of bodily exertion; but having neither oars nor helm, they float precariously, exposed to the dangers of wreck in times of revolution, besides being liable to be upset by the numerous schemers in the river, who are scrambling to get into the boats, that they may be relieved from the fatigues of bodily labour and mental oppression.

Now, association is the boat which is destined by Providence to carry humanity down the current of terrestrial existence; and when the propelling and guiding apparatus is properly applied, the labour of governing and propelling the boat will be infinitely less than that of swimming about individually, without any combined means of lessening fatigue and rendering the task comparatively easy.

The joint-stock union bank system is a series of very small boats, it is true; but then, the public, when they have never seen a magnificent sailing-vessel, are alarmed at the idea of risking their lives and fortunes in a "*frightfully large ship*;" and this feeling of distrust in the public mind induces us to propose the little union bank wherry, which, being constructed on proper principles, and furnished with oars and rudder, will gradually initiate the timid and the ignorant in the art of sailing and ship-building on a large scale. It is probable that those who would not like to make the experiment themselves, will have no objection to embark a few hundred paupers in the new associative machine, particularly when there is a prospect of lightening the burden of poor-rates.

OF THE GENERAL UTILITY OF JOINT-STOCK UNION BANKS.

The advantages which society would derive from these establishments would be—

1. To reduce the number of petty shopkeepers and pedlars, whose labours are lost to the community, by a useless waste of time, in hawking and retailing trifles. These unproductive members of society would be forced, from want of customers, to embark their capital and labour in the banking establishments, where they would be fully and usefully employed; and respectable tradesmen would be thus relieved from the competition of swarms of retailers.

2. The indigent labourers would be constantly employed, well fed, clothed, and lodged, at a much cheaper rate than they can provide for themselves individually; and a good moral discipline, rendered agreeable by cheap rational amusements, would prevent the increase of depravity and crime.

3. The children of poor families might be educated in useful arts of industry during the day time, and instructed in reading and writing when labouring hours are over, instead of being allowed to contract habits of idleness and immorality, as they do under present arrangements.

4. The absorption of petty retailing commerce, and the steady occupation of indigent labourers, in the industrial operations of the bank, added to the prudent restraint which the influence of public opinion, and the thriving industrial habits of individuals very naturally put upon early marriages, would do away with the immediate cause of pauperism in agricultural districts.

5. Those paupers who are now actually supported at the expense of the parish, might be taken into the bank, and kept in the most economical manner. Those amongst them who are not absolutely infirm might be employed in some useful branch of agriculture or domestic industry, and the expense of their keep would be thereby reduced in proportion to their powers of labour. This might easily be accomplished by converting union workhouses into joint-stock union banks, without increasing the expenses of administration, or causing any other inconvenience.

6. The bank would render great service to small manufacturers and agriculturists, by lending money on the deposit of their products, enabling them to wait for proper opportunities of sale, and, in many cases, dispensing with the expense of erecting private buildings for warehouses, stores, granaries, &c., which might be replaced by the general depôt of the bank. In consequence of these general arrangements,

7. The bank might stipulate with the government for the payment of all the taxes, rates, and dues of the district, at stated periods, and employ its own agents to collect them. This measure would save the government an immense deal of trouble, and protect poor families from the ruinous expense of law in cases of temporary difficulty; because the bank might advance money at a very low rate of interest on the deposit of any kind of property, and even enable poor families to reclaim their deposits of private property, by giving them occasional employment in the establishment.

8. Most of the necessaries, and even the luxuries, of life, might be produced by these banks, on a very extensive scale, and sold to the neighbouring population at wholesale or first-hand prices. Those articles which the banks did not produce themselves, they might purchase at the best market, and retail them at a mere premium of commission. This operation would be a great source of economy to the rich and middle class families, besides preventing, in a great measure, the frauds of spurious and adulterated substances.

9. The bank would always have a numerous and well-disciplined population at command, in cases of emergency, during harvest; and this population might be employed occasionally in general service for making and improving cross country roads, for irrigating large tracts of country, reclaiming waste lands, and many other important public operations.

10. The bank would be able to practise the most improved methods of operation in domestic, agricultural, and manufacturing industry; and the whole labouring population of the district would be regularly trained and disciplined in those improved methods, which are now rendered impracticable, for want of capital and instruction, amongst the people.

11. The indigent population would be protected from the chances of famine and destitution by the *expressly reserved* stores of corn, and the certainty of useful employment. The schemes of monopolisers would also be frustrated by the steady commercial operations of the bank.

12. The regular discipline, industry, and morality of the bank labourers would greatly improve the morals of the free labourers in the immediate district, and probably do away with petty larceny, and many other delinquencies, which are common among the poor.

13. These establishments, by treating the people well, and rendering them proud of being admitted, would gradually absorb all the small holdings in the neighbourhood, incorporate petty tradesmen and farmers, and substitute a combined system of economical operation in lieu of the present ruinous complication of incoherent and individual industry.

14. They would form the basis of operation for gradually combining all the collective interests of industry, manufacturing and commercial. The heads of manufacturing establishments would soon imitate the example of providing collectively for their labourers, on the most economical scale, and improving their condition by education and moral training. But, we must observe here, that the government should regulate the administration of all such establishments. In course of time, those habits of intemperance, which afford the revenue twenty millions annually, might be totally reformed, and a similar amount of revenue obtained from the banks, without depraving the minds and ruining the health of the people. The eight millions of taxes on spirits, the three millions on tobacco, the three millions on tea, and the five millions on malt and hops,—these sources of depravity may be reduced at least one half, by improving the habits of the people, and levying a tax on useful industry.

15. As these banks increased in importance, they would furnish safe and advantageous investments for capital; and, lastly,

16. By combining economy and security with the general operations of trade, they would relieve society from an immense proportion of that spoliating tax which is periodically levied by bankruptcy.

These joint-stock union banks would be of immense utility in improving the condition of the people and of property in Ireland. They would gradually do away with that system of speculative mendicity which impoverishes the industrious part of the population. They would in time absorb the principle of small holdings, incorporate the poor ignorant farmers who eke out a living by impoverishing the land in plots of a few acres; throw these small holdings together, and reconstitute large farms, conducted on a combined principle of improvement and economy, regenerating the physical and moral condition of the people.

It would seem, indeed, that the reporter of the Poor Law Commission in Ireland had some vague idea of rendering the union workhouses productive establishments; for we remark the following loose phrases in the report:—"The union workhouses would form a sort of *transition period* from small holdings to large farms and day-labourers, as formerly in England, &c." "A little land might be attached to the workhouses, but not much, as manufacturing industry would be chiefly preferred." "These centres of civilisation, &c., with, probably, a portion of land attached, *might become the nursery of every kind of improvement, social,*

moral, &c. &c. &c." "Large tracts of bog lie unreclaimed for want of *capital and combined resources.*" "In the poor districts of Donegal, the people reclaim with difficulty small spots, and all pay rent."

The report, however, gives no clear explanation of the means of effecting these improvements; and in another part, it speaks of the impossibility of rendering pauper labour productive. It says, "Experience has proved that pauper labour can never be profitable. The principle has been tried at Munich, at Hamburg, and in France." This may be true, but it does not follow that the principle has been tried under proper circumstances; but, if it had, there would be no reason for leaving paupers idle while their labour might be employed to lessen the expense of their keep. Besides, if paupers are generally so demoralised and stultified by habitual privation, as not to be able to maintain themselves when labour is found for them, it is a powerful reason for drilling the indigent poor to habits of regular industry, that they may not become similarly stultified and destitute.

The report shews that the Commission intend to adopt the Malthusian principle of *scowling down pauperism*, for it says, "Great care should be taken to prevent or avoid imparting a right to relief, real or imaginary." This principle is as dangerous as it is inhuman: it may lead to the worst consequences; for the people themselves begin to believe in the Malthusian fallacy. Lord Brougham and Miss Martineau have inoculated the public mind with this terrible superstition, and the *Chartists* begin to reason in consequence. They say, There is no hope for the people, if this be true, but in a general scramble, and, that if some part of the population must be starved to death, or otherwise disposed of prematurely, it might as well fall to the lot of those who have already enjoyed life from infancy, to make room for those who have lived all their lives in misery and privation. The more these ideas prevail in society, the greater the danger of a civil war; and, strange enough to observe, those who have the greatest interest in the dissipation of such an illusion, have been the first to embrace it and spread it through society.

The present is a critical period for the aristocracy of Great Britain. Unless timely measures be adopted for bettering the condition of the poor, and preventing the growth of depravity, life and fortune will daily become more and more insecure. The labouring population is becoming more and more impoverished by competition and oppressed by usury, and, as poverty increases, crime and depravity will rapidly advance. Let those who have any thing to lose look to it, for, if they do not, woe betide them! These are not times for sceptical indifference to strut in supercilious self-sufficiency, or lollop in ignorant and illusive security. Nor is there time for musing speculation; practical measures must be realised and soon, or heaven only knows what may ensue.

HUGH DOHERTY.

BRITISH HISTORY.*

BY THE SYNCRETIST.

THIS is a very extensive and valuable addition to the histories of our country, and singularly useful as a book of reference. The spirit with which Mr. Wade has executed his laborious task is candid, generous, and impartial; and a remarkable accuracy prevails in his chronological detail of facts, bating a few exceptions. Mr. Wade's book is distinguished for a certain *catholicity*, which is, perhaps, the rarest and fairest characteristic of an historian. He has consulted the papal histories of Lingard, Butler, and Dodd, with as much exactness as he has the Protestant histories of Henry, Hume, Smollett, Southey, Turner, Mackintosh, Hallam, Tomlines, and their followers. This is exactly the impartial disposition which a literaturist should cultivate; he should hear both sides fairly, and represent them without prejudice. The more this philosophic temper is diffused over society, the less we shall be perplexed with sect and party hallucinations. We shall proceed to examine this history more closely, with reference to a point which the *Monthly Magazine* has long been urging: we mean the importance of *coalition*, both theoretical and practical. Guizot, the most enlightened politician of France, has stated that there are two grand principles which direct the social positions of men,—one is union, the other division. The first principle, *union*, produces *one great body* of syncretists under various denominations. The second principle, *division*, produces *three great parties*, which were expressed among classical authors by the terms, royalists, aristocrats, and democrats; and, in the slang of modern English, by tories, whigs, and radicals. Syncretism stands above all these three sects, parties, or factions, and seeks to harmonise them as far as may be done, for the public benefit. Now, our argument is, that the British crown is in this point of view essentially unionistic, and so should be a British administration. It should comprise and represent those three elemental parties, without being exclusively biassed to either. The harmonising *spirit* was long the presiding genius of our empire, and gave it all its strength and consistency. Then the higher powers knew how to preserve the proper balance between those three forces which Guizot terms, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy. The ministers of this country were also, for a long time, essentially coalitionary; and while they were such they flourished, and when they ceased to be such they lost caste. This fact is thus noticed by Mr. Wade: "The old plan of government (says he) was coalitionary, and it was not till the accession of George I. that the principle may be considered to have been first attempted, of carrying on the government, not by a balanced or even unequally mixed administration, but by a cabinet composed exclusively of one party. 'During the reign of William III. and the greater part of that of Anne (observes Lord John Russell), the offices of state were divided between the members of both parties, with a view to conciliate

* "British History, Chronologically Arranged. By John Wade, author of the 'History of the Middle and Working Classes,' the 'Cabinet Lawyer,' &c." Edinham Wilson.

both, and to exclude the more haughty and presumptuous leaders from acquiring a dictation over their sovereign.' This view was afterwards carried out by Mr. Pelham (1745) in what was termed The Broad-bottomed Ministry, which, with all its faults, was a far closer approximation to the perfect prototype than has ever been witnessed since. On this ministry, Smollett remarks: 'This coalition was dignified with the epithet of the Broad-bottom, as if it had been established on a true constitutional foundation, comprehending individuals of every class without distinction of party. This (continues Smollett) was rather a change of men than of measures, and turned out to the ease and advantage of the sovereign; for his views were no longer thwarted by an obstinate opposition in parliament.'" We have no leisure to trace this interesting question further at present. We recommend it to abler hands. Suffice it that Mr. Wade's book is full of arguments and facts that strongly illustrate it. "The formation of the Wellington ministry (says he) was the commencement of a new era. Civil disqualifications on account of religious differences had been too long maintained. Dissent was no longer a type of political discontent, nor Catholicism of divided allegiance. An efficient and united administration could not be formed, because men of ability and patriotism would not be parties to an obsolete system of intolerance. It was a source of weakness in war, and of internal divisions and discords in peace. Ministry after ministry had fallen to pieces on this account: it was unprofitable injustice, and fraught with danger to the empire. Past events had shown the mischief of an exclusive policy—its disturbing and weakening effect on the imperial government, and the danger of dismemberment with which it threatened the United Kingdom. Resolved to obviate these evils, the Duke of Wellington, with his wonted energy and promptitude, determined on a new course. The task was Herculean, but it was masterly executed."

It is not without reason therefore, that the present reviewer terms himself a *coalitionist*. We stedfastly believe that coalition, properly and fairly understood, is the only line of principle and practice adapted to these eventful times,—the only policy which will prove consistent with itself and permanently available for patriotic purposes. We feel that we stand just in the coalitionary position, like Erasmus, Grotius, and Selden, striving to enunciate that *Fiat Lux*, which shall educe harmony from from discord, and order from confusion. Coalition is the great secret of our strength. For want of it we are in a situation fatal as Sampson's when shorn of his miraculous locks. *It is by the combination, not by the antagonism of our national energies that we must prevail.* Such was the dictum of Selden, as his recent biographer Mr. Johnson observes; at all times, and even during the most hostile contests of parties, there is a body of coalitionists, always eventually triumphant. Such a body always consists of men who seek a Catholic spirit, who would rectify abuses without subverting institutions to which they are incident, because they revere those institutions with a fondness which canonises even their faults. The opinions of these men upon the great political questions of their time, in the aggregate, are generally correct, and though, during the excitement of their immediate era, their sober opinions may be too often neglected for others more decidedly marked by the spirit of party, yet when the contest is over, whichever extreme

may triumph, those sober opinions are acknowledged to be correct, and are generally adopted. "In troubled water (said Selden), you can scarce see your face, so in troubled times you can see little truth. When they are settled and quiet then truth appears."

As representatives of this coalitionary body, we again warn our fellow-countrymen to beware in time of the growth of parties and factions, which at this moment occasions far more danger to the integrity of the British empire than all other hostile influences combined. The truth of this statement is acknowledged and felt, and multitudes are beginning to act on the conviction. Even the Journals of the contending parties themselves, are each and all corroborating our words. One of the cleverest of them has thus eloquently expressed the national disease, though we do not agree with its proposed therapeutics. "The state of the parties (says the writer), at this moment throughout the kingdom offers one of the most extraordinary spectacles that have ever perplexed the mind of a politician—for the whole population of the empire has resolved itself into distinct bodies, each inspired by the thirst of dominion and mastery over the others, but all too weak to accomplish what is aimed at. In the depths and recesses of society, principles are no doubt at work which will ultimately confirm ascendancy in some one of the many rival, and at present equally feeble, political sects into which we are split, but it is of course difficult, not to say impossible, to foretell with certainty which of the existing parties is to be thus fortunate. All are alike sanguine, or if there be anywhere a lack of confidence, it is carefully concealed from view. The advocates of things as they were, are loud in the expression of their hope, that Providence will award to them the victory over their neighbours. The constitutionalists, again, who profess a timid policy, and aim at minute, gradual and cautious reforms, are eager to have it believed, that all the good sense, sobermindedness and respectability of the country are on their side, and must inevitably secure them the triumph; while the bolder and more popular speculators, insisting that there are seasons of difficulty in which to adhere to the rules of ordinary prudence is the worst species of rashness, would press forward towards the ultimate goal of the nation's hopes with the utmost possible energy and diligence."

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE MOST MODERN AUTHORS, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER II.—EDUARD MÖRIKE.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is but fair that in reviewing a foreign author, we take the most favourable side; and that if we find the voice of the judicious in his country have been in his favour, we rather have a tendency to regard him in the best light, than begin with a thorough impartiality. So delicate an organisation is a language, that unless it grows up with us, and is an essential part of ourselves and our train of thought, we can never

attain that thorough knowledge, or rather that instinctive feeling of its minutiae which can enable us at once to detect every neat turn of thought, every exquisite felicity of expression, which may, perhaps, contribute much to the beauty and artistical finish of a poem, especially of the smaller class. Again, besides the organisation of the language, when the poet is one of the present day, and the materials by which we may judge him—his position, his associates, his studies—cannot be collected, we must also be ignorant of much of the organisation of the matter, as well as of the form of his work. Many a little *Gelegenheitsgedicht* [poem written for a particular occasion] may appear to us vapid and puerile, while a very slight intimacy with a certain state and feeling of society, might show us that it was most happily conceived and most delicately appropriate. Nor are the poems that are prefaced by a fine white page, with the word "*Gelegenheitsgedichte*" in the midst, the only works that belong to this class, for every lyric effusion, being the expression of a feeling, must be more or less of a "*Gelegenheitsgedicht*," and the thread that connects it with particular thoughts and circumstances, may be so fine, that even the poet himself may not perceive it, and make a thousand allusions of which he is himself unconscious. Hence, as we must put ourselves in an artificial atmosphere, and that, perhaps, not a very clear one, to pass judgment on a foreign poet, it is, I repeat, but a just tribute to a civilised nation, that we should allow some validity to the decree of the most capable of its inhabitants, and as we can by no means put ourselves in the same position with these, allow something for the deficiency of our own perception, when they decide on beauties that we cannot clearly see, of course not suffering a due deference to degenerate into a slavish submission, which would at last become a blind idolatry of all that is foreign, and reserving the same unbiassed right of judging of the main ideas of an author, as the best critics of his fatherland.

All this, you say, may be very true; but why stick these general remarks just here? Why have a preface to Letter II. that would better have suited Letter I.? Why give Edward Mörike in particular an exordium which would have suited any one else? Patience! patience! and I'll tell you. Ferdinand Freiligrath, the subject of my first letter, is so exceedingly novel and original, that he must strike you perforce, whether you have heard of him or no; and even though you do not like him (a case, by the way, I can scarcely conceive), you must confess there is something odd, something that you have not seen before, and that you will not easily forget. I, for my own part, had been struck by three or four poems of Freiligrath, in the *Musenalmanach* of 1835, long before I knew that he had any name whatever; and I had formed my own opinion respecting him before I had read any opinion of his countrymen, or even knew that he was an object of criticism. To the name of Mörike, on the contrary, I was introduced by an article written by Gustav Schwab, in the *Heidelberg Jahrbuch*, who spoke of him in very high terms. Now, as Gustav Schwab is himself a poet of pretty high standing, and has, moreover, devoted a great part of his life to the studying and editing of the poetical works of others, his opinion is one that is worth taking. I accordingly got Mörike's "*Gedichte*," and sat down with a resolution to like them. Now mind, I am not quite sure

I should have really liked them quite so well as I did, if I had not been previously prompted; I will confess, that had I found them anonymous in a *Morgenblatt* or an Annual, they might have been no very heavy load on my memory. Nevertheless, Gustav Schwab's commendation urged me on to give them no little attention. As I proceeded, I found them gain upon me more and more; and, as I closed the volume, I felt as if I had parted with a very agreeable acquaintance. To you, who ask me to tell you my own impressions, these particulars will not seem mere impertinences.

Now, Eduard Mörike is just one of those poets to whom my exordium will more particularly apply. Were you not told that he had a distinguished name in his own country, you might pass him over, without giving him any marked attention; but being once told that he has great beauties, you set about to search for them, and find that you are not disappointed in the inquiry.

Mörike, who is now about thirty-six years of age, is one of those poets who must necessarily arise from a literature which has reached a high degree of cultivation, and whose merit rather lies in following with success a track marked by their predecessors, than by their striking out any new path of their own. If you are not satisfied without an entirely new region, such as Freiligrath gives you, or a boundlessly creative imagination, like Rückerts, or a gigantic power of combination, and a sounding forth of deep feeling from its hidden depths, such as you will find in Lenau, or a boding "*purposeful*" tone like that in Uhland's ballads, or a noble aspiring after an ideal, which every energy is on the stretch to attain, as in the case of Schiller, or finally, a simple yet interesting and full-bodied manner of telling a tale like poor Chamisso's, do not read the works of Edward Mörike.

You will say, that in the above list of names, you do not find that of the master's—the poet's—in a word, Göthe's. Exactly: I have omitted that glorious name on purpose, because I am convinced that if you are a legitimate admirer of Göthe, one who, without desiring mysterious forebodings, dim romantic sorrows and broken hearts, can admire the artistical poet, who gives its due form and finish to every thought, however transient, and every feeling, even though not deeply rooted—whose expressions are graceful because natural, and whose subjects are easily moulded, because unsought—you will then peruse Mörike's works with a great deal of pleasure.

On reading him, I had great trouble in discovering his characteristics, and as soon as I had marked this or that as a distinguishing feature, I found a poem which showed me I was completely in error. To find a point of view from which I might regard the collection as a whole, I noted down no less than six or seven different tendencies which stood out as so many flying threads that could not be united in a knot. At first he seemed an erotic poet, who sported with his subject like Göthe, and with a little of Heine's wantonness;—a warm amorous glow, and a Catullian luxuriousness seemed diffused throughout. Then he seemed to move in a romantic-narrative sphere, as if he loved to dwell among Lurlines and Nixies: then came a sentimental shape, and something like a deeper feeling was apparent; and finally, he stood as a comic writer, who scattered odd conceits about, sometimes running them rather

thread-bare; all which variety was highly amusing, but not a little perplexing.

Now various as may be the forms in which a poet appears, still there is usually some central feature, some leading characteristic, to which all others are but subordinate, and from which all may be viewed. An universal genius may be a sort of exception to this rule, but there is nothing in Mörike that should induce us to assign him so high a rank, nor does he come down with sufficient firmness in every class, that we can at once cry out that he is everywhere at home. However, may not an excess of cultivation, a substitution of poetical education for original inspiration, be in itself a cause of the absence of characteristic? May not a facility be acquired in following the steps of great predecessors—and may not that very facility be such, that the poet can adapt himself to every tendency by turns, without going deep enough into any one to render it a feature? Thus it seems to me with Mörike—I cannot perceive him to be the organ of any particular state of thought. I could, I believe, produce his antitype in any one species of poem he has written, but as a writer of excellent taste, with a warm feeling for his art, a melodious flow of thought, and a pleasing voluptuousness, I should earnestly recommend him to your perusal.

His amatory poems are very light and pleasant. Like Heine, he loves to play with the voluptuous, till he finds himself approaching dangerous ground, and then stops suddenly short. If I were disposed to contradict myself, and to say that Mörike had a characteristic after all, I should decidedly specify the erotic tendency in preference to all the rest. What think you of this?—

ERINNERUNG.

Jenes war zum letzten Male,
Dass ich mit dir ging, O Clärchen!
Ja, das war das letzte Mal,
Dass wir uns wie Kinder freuten.

Als wir durch die sonnenhellen,
Regnerischen Strassen liefen,
Unterm seidnem Schirme eilend,
Beide heimlich eingeschlossen,
Wie in einem Feenstübchen,
Endlich einmal Arm in Arme!

Wenig wagten wir zu reden,
Denn das Herz schlug zu gewaltig,
Beide merkten wir es schweigend
Und ein Jedes schob im Stillen
Des Gesichtes glühnde Röthe
Auf den Widerschein des Schirmes
Ach, ein Engel warst du da!
Wie du auf den Boden immer
Blicktest, und die blonden Locken
Um den hellen Nachen fielen.

"Jetzt ist wohl ein Regenbogen
An dem Himmel," sagt' ich einmal:
Denn in meinem frohen Muth
Sprach ich weiter diese Worte:
"Käm auch keiner mehr an Himmel
Wär' es gar nicht zu verwundern,

REMEMBRANCE.

That was the last time that I walked
with you, Clara! Yes, that was the last
time that we rejoiced together as children.

When we ran through the sunny, yet
rainy streets, hurrying under a silken
umbrella,* both snugly closed in, as in a
little fairy room, and arm in arm.

We ventured but little to talk, for the
heart beat too strongly. This we both
remarked in silence, and each of us, in
stillness, cast the glowing red of the coun-
tenance on the reflecting surface of the
umbrella. Ah, then were you an angel,
as you ever looked down on the ground,
and your fair locks fell about your bright
neck.

"There is now indeed a rainbow in the
sky," I once said; and then in gladsome
mood, I further spoke these words: "Even
if there were no more (rainbow) in the
sky, it would be no great wonder, for the
people draw down its various bow-stripes

* N.B. "Schirm" is a more general word, signifying "screen," and not being so manifestly prosaic as our "umbrella."

Denn die Leute ziehn ja selber
Seine bunte Bogen-streifen
Zu sich nieder auf die Gassen.
Sieh nur wie sie sich beeilen!
Jeder mit dem Regendache
Führet einen andern Farben.
Bogen über seinem Haupte,
Jeder springt mit seinem Raube
Blaue, rothe, violete,—
Alles nehmen sie mit fort."

Und du lächeltest und bogest
Mit mir um die letzte Ecke.

Und ich bat dich um ein Röslein,
Das du an der Brust getragen,
Und du reichtest mir's im Gehen
Schnelle hin, das süsse Röslein;
Zitternd hob ich's an die Lippen,
Küsst' es brünstig zwei-und-dreimal,
Niemand könnte dessen spotten,
Keine Seele hat's gesehen,
Und du selber sah'st du nicht.

An dem fremden Haus, wohin
Ich dich zu begleiten hatte,
Standen wir nun, weiss't, ich drückte
Dir die Hand und—

Dieses war zum letzten Male,
Dass ich mit dir ging, O Clärchen!
Ja, das war das letzte Mal,
Dass wir uns als Kinder freuten.

Now this is the right sort of thing, excepting, in my opinion, the bit about the people running away with the colours, and which, doubtless, cost the poet more trouble than all the rest put together. The picture is pleasing, delicately hit off, and the return to the first five lines, as a kind of *refrain*, is particularly felicitous. The little narrative is broken off at its chief part, and a burden half melancholy is ringing in our ears. Hear him in the ballad form, when he indulges in the amorous, sportive vein; it has not the decided pungency of Heine, but much of his light, surface-touching style.

Wie heisst König Ringang's Töchterlein?
Rohtraut, schön Rohtraut.

Was thut sie denn den ganzen Tag,
Da sie wohl nicht spinnen und nähen
mag?

Thut fischen und jagen.
Oh, dass ich doch her Jäger wär!
Fischen und jagen freute mich sehr.
—Schweig' stille, meine Herze!

Und über eine klein Weil',
Rohtraut, schön Rohtraut,
So dient der Knab' auf Ringang's Schloss
In Jägertracht und hat ein Ross,
Mit Rohtraut zu jagen.

Oh das ich doch ein Königssohn wär!
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut lieb ich so
sehr.

—Schweig' stille, meine Herze!

Einmal's sie ruhten am Eickenbaum,
Da lacht schön Rohtraut:
Was siehst du mich an so wunniglich?
Wenn du das Herz hast, küsse mich!
Ach, erschrak der Knabe!

to themselves in the streets. See now how they hurry along, even one with the rain-shelter bears another colored arch over his head. Every one bounds along with his spoil, blue, red, violet. All carry it away with them."

And you smiled, and turned with me round the last corner:

And I begged of you a rose, which you wore on your breast, and you handed it quickly to me, as you were going. The sweet rose! Trembling I raised it to my lips, fervently kissed it twice or thrice, while nobody could scoff at it, for not a soul saw it: nay, you saw it not yourself.

At the strange house whither I had to lead you, we now stood, as you know. I pressed your hand, and—

This was the last time that I walked with you, O Clara! Yes, that was the last time that we rejoiced together as children.

How is King Ringang's daughter named! Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut. What does she do all the day, as she will not spin nor sew? She fishes and hunts. O, would that I were her huntsman! Fishing and hunting would delight me greatly. Keep still, my heart!

And for a little while,—Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut, the boy serves at Ringang's castle, in a hunter's dress, and has a horse to hunt with Rohtraut. O would that I were a king's son! Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut, I love so dearly. Keep still my heart!

Once they rested by an oak tree. Then laughs fair Rohtraut: Why do you look on me with such delight? If you have the heart, kiss me! Ah! the boy was frightened. Yet he bethinks himself:

Doch denket er: Mir ist's vergunnt,
Und küsset schön Rohtraut auf den
Mund.

—Schweig stille, meine Herze!

Darauf sie ritten schweigend heim,
Rohtraut, schön Rohtraut.
Es jauchzt der Knab' in seinem Sinn:
Und würdest du heute Kaiserin,
Mich sollt's nicht kränken.
Ihr tausend Blätter im Walde wisst,
Ich hab' schön Rohtraut's Mund geküsst!
—Schweig' stille, meine Herze!

It is granted me: And he kisses fair
Rohtraut on the mouth. Keep still, my
heart.

Then they rode silent home. Roh-
traut, fair Rohtraut. The boy exults in
his mind: Were you this day empress, it
should not pain me. Ye thousand leaves
in the wood, know that I have kissed fair
Rohtraut's mouth. Keep still, my heart.

All this is very pleasant and agreeable, the work of a man of cultivated taste, who just knows how to throw off a happy thought. Mörike's poems would stand well with an engraved border.

I consider these two poems as a fair specimen of Mörike's usual level. I could produce an allegorical poem called "*Tag und Nacht*" [Day and Night], which is like Rückert in idea, but not in elaboration; some agreeable tales about seamen and nixies, in which he has trod in the steps of Uhland, showing the same predilection for a tragical catastrophe, and an Idyll which would somewhat remind you of Göthe, all tending to confirm the opinion I at first expressed. There are some also of a childish tendency, that depend much on their quaint jingle, a song of the wind, for instance—but no! that is too *piquant* to be passed over with a line—I must write that down.

Sausewind! Brausewind!
Dort und hier,
Deine Heimath sage mir!

"Kindlein, wir fahren
Seit viel vielen Jahren
Durch die weit weite Welt,
Und möchten's erfragen,
Die Antwort erjagen,
Bei den Bergen, den Meeren,
Bei des Himmels klingenden Heeren,
Die wissen es nie.
Bist du klüger als sie,
Magst du es sagen.
—Fort, wohlauf!
Halt' uns nicht auf!
Kommen Andre nach, unser Brüder.
Da frag' wieder."

Halt an! Gemach,
Eine kleine Frist!
Sagt, wo der Liebe Heimath ist,
Ihr Anfang, ihr Ende?

"Wer's nennen könnte!
Schelmisches Kind.
Lieb ist wie Wind,
Ruhet nie,
Ewig ist sie,
Aber dein Schatz nicht beständig.
—Frisch, wohlauf!
Halt ans nicht auf!
Fort über Stoffel und Wälder und Wiesen!
Wenn ich dein Schätzchen seh',
Will ich es grüssen.
Kindlein—Ade!

Noisy wind! noisy* wind! here and
there, tell me thy home!

"Children, we journey since many
many years, through the wide wide world,
and would readily ask it, and seek for an
answer from the mountains, the sounding
hosts of heaven, but they never knew it.
If you are wiser than they, you may tell
it. On, on!—restrain us not! Others,
our brothers, are coming, them ask again.

Stop!—softly!—a little while!—say
where is the home, the beginning, the
end of love?

Who could name it, roguish child!
Love is like wind—never rests, and is
eternal. Yet is thy treasure not constant.
Quick, go on! restrain us not! Among
even stubble, woods, and meadows! If
I see your treasure, I will greet her.
Child, adieu!

* We must repeat: we have no double words like *Saus* and *Braus*.

This is truly Germanic, this playing with the sound of words! If you would use the perfection of this kind of thing,—a poem, the very essence of which depends on the apt use of rhymes, you must turn to the works of August Kopisch, who is a perfect master of rhyming tricks, and will throw you off a ballad, the lines of which shall jump about and bounce in your ears like a cracker.

I feel I ought to apologise for setting my wooden prose in a parallel column with the light and airy original. My only object is to aid you in reading the German, so pray do not take the translation as a substitute.

The taper is lit, the sealing wax is at hand, and I was just about to bid you and Eduard Mörike farewell together, but the book has opened at a poem of such singular beauty, that I must send it. Let it stand as the conclusion to this long, but I hope, not very unentertaining letter.

MEIN FLUSS.

O Fluss, mein Fluss im Morgenstrahl!
Empfange nun, empfang
Den sehnsuchtsvollen Leib einmal
Und küsse Brust und Wange!
—Er fühlt mir schon herauf die Brust,
Er kühlt mit Liebesschauerlust
Und jauchzendem Gesange.

Es schlüpft der goldne Sonnneschein
In Tropfen an mir nieder
Die Woge wieget aus und ein
Die hingegebenen Glieder.
Die Arme hab' ich ausgespannt.
Sie kommt auf mich herzuggerannt,
Sie fasst und lässt mich nieder.

Du murmelst so, mein Fluss, warum?
Du trägst seit alten Tagen
Ein seltsam Märchen mit dir um,
And mühest dich es zu sagen;
Du eilst so sehr und läufst so sehr,
Als müsstest du im Land umher
Mann weisst nicht, wen? drum fragen.

Der Himmel blau und kinderrein,
Wohin die Wellen singen.
Der Himmel ist die Seele dein:
O lass mich ihn durch dringen!
Ich tauche mich mit Geist und Sinn
Durch die vertiefte Bläue hin,
Und kann sie nicht erschwingen!

Was ist so tief, so tief wie sie?
Die Liebe nur alleine,
Sie wird nich satt, und sättigt nie
Mit ihrem Wechselscheine.
—Schwell' an, meine Fluss, und hebe
dich!

Migrausen übergiesse mich!
Mein Leben um das deine!

Du weisest schmeichelnd mich zurück
Zu deiner Blumenschwelle;
So trage denn allein dein Glück,
Und wieg' auf diener Welle
Der Sinne Pracht, des Mondes Ruh!
Die lieben Sterne führe du
Zur ewigen Mutterquelle.

MY RIVER.

O river, my river in morning's-beam.
Receive now, receive for once my desiring
body, and kiss my breast and cheek! It
already feels my heart; it cools me with
the shuddering pleasures of love, and
with exulting song.

The golden sunshine glides down me in
drops, the wave rocks in and out my
resigned limbs; I have stretched out my
arms, and it comes running towards me,
catches me up, and again lets me go.

Thou murmurest so, my river. But
why? Thou hast borne for many days a
strange tale about with thee, and strivest
to tell it. Thou hastenest and runnest
so, as if thou wert obliged to ask, in the
land around,—we know not whom.

The blue and child-like pure Heaven
is thy soul: O let me penetrate it! With
spirit and sense I dive through the deep-
ened blue, and cannot wing my way to it!

What is so deep, so deep as that? Only
love alone, which never is satiated, and
never satiates with its varying ray. Swell
on, my river, and raise thyself! Over-
whelm me with shuddering! My life for
thine!

Flattering, thou guidest me back to thy
flowery threshold; so bear thy happiness
alone, and rock in thy waves the sun's
splendour, the moon's quiet; and con-
duct the beloved stars to the eternal
mother-spring.

Who can mistake in the above the "*tiefverklärte Blau*" of Göthe's ballad "*der Fischer*," especially when the latter told Eckermann that that poem was intended to allegorise the desire of plunging into a stream on a sultry day?

JOHN OXENFORD.

THE CELIBACY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY.*

THIS is a very remarkable little work, well worthy the attention of Reviewers. "Throw up a straw (says Selden), it will show you which way the wind blows." This publication, though minute in size, and somewhat playful in manner, yet possesses an *animus* which will not be easily crushed, and which will prepare the way for great ameliorations.

It gives us particular pleasure to notice books of this kind, proceeding from Roman Catholic Clergymen. They prove there are many ecclesiastics in the Romish Church inclined to promote free inquiry, and to redress grievances. We have long asserted, that there exists a vigorous and stirring body of Catholic Reformers, properly so called, well worthy of the title, and not to be excelled in truthfulness or philanthropy by any Protestant Reformers whatever. As such we would mention the names of Ganganelli, Cassander, Fénelon, Du Pin, Geddes, Charles Butler and their followers. Syncretists like these will always find the warmest sympathy among Protestant truth-searchers, who are no less anxious to abate the corruptions of the conformist and non-conformist churches.

We state these things advisedly, for they are true, and as such entitled to utterance, whether they are liked or not. It is right that one periodical, at least, should show that good and evil are not confined to particular sects of the Church, but that they are extended through all. It is time to state, that not only Papal churches, but the Protestant ones too, are alike infected by that demon antichrist, *Lateinos*, or secularity, which would destroy them all. To confound the pope and the Roman clergy with antichrist, against whom they struggle, is as unjust as to confound protestants with antichrist, against whom they likewise war. No scripture is of any private interpretation. Antichrist is no partial and segregated evil, but wherever there is secularity, error and vice, there is he. The Apocalypse has scarcely ever been explained fairly, just because its universal symbols have generally been taken in a restricted and sectarian sense. The papalists have thus been abused by the conformists, and these by the dissidents, all preposterously intent on identifying themselves with the two witnesses, and their antagonists with the beast, and the false prophet. We have no time to enlarge on this topic here, but we do assert, that the vulgar inter-

* "Remarks on the Celibacy of the R. C. Clergy by the Rev. ———— the P. P. of ———— County of ———— Ireland. Part I. Dublin: Tims & Co. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

pretations of the Apocalypse by party divines have done infinite mischief to the Church. Fellow christians have on all hands been reviling one another as incarnations of Satan; what wonder is it, that they have arrived at so cordial a detestation and horror of every religious order but their own?

Away with these! true Wisdom's soul will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature!

Yes, away with these! the railing, and the bitterness, and the strife of tongues, and let us once more take up this little book on celibacy, which is written in the temper we love and cherish. The author conceals his name, but inserts these words, "My name is known but to two gentlemen, on whose honour I have the most perfect reliance (Mr. Tims, my publisher, and Mr. Sheehan of the Evening Mail). I make myself known to them, that they may testify to the world, that the following production is not from one who counterfeits a station to which he belongs not. I don't make myself known to others, as I should then be subjecting myself to the tender mercies of my ecclesiastical superiors, who would with little ceremony, as is their wont, deprive me of that influence, which from time immemorial persons in my station have uniformly possessed."

Here then is a tangible illustration of the class of Roman Catholic divines to whom we have alluded; a class we love and respect, as the true lights of their Church. Though we have personally always rejoiced in being a bachelor, a title we mean to maintain to our last breath, though we plead the cause of celibacy might and main, with all the acumen and enthusiasm which the shade of Dr. Malthus can desire, yet will we do ample justice to our author's reasonings, *per contra*; and in this temper we shall discuss the question a little at large, as it has been twice before mooted by the Roman Catholic clergy in this country, and will make considerable stir among the fair sex.

Now then for a little sparring in the ring of logic, "like the budge doctors of the stoic fur." Celibacy is a word which, says St. Jerome, is derived *a cælo* from heaven, implying the favourite mode of existence among the celestials. The Fathers plead, that the *highest forms* of Deity are all celibate, that angels are celibatists who neither marry nor are given in marriage. That Adam was created as a celibatist. That all mankind are born celibatists, and remain so during their younger and happier years. And that in short, the wise ones *think of* matrimony all their lives, but never run their heads into the fatal noose, or tie with their tongues what they cannot untie with their teeth.

The great authors of Christianity, evidently recommend celibacy as the highest and best state, though they allow the right of matrimony to those who desire it. On this doctrine our Saviour says, Whoso is able to receive it, let him receive it. St. Paul, likewise, declares, I would that all men were like me (a bachelor), for though he that marries does well, he that does not marry does better. But

notwithstanding these warm eulogies on celibacy, St. Paul allows all unwilling celibates a loophole to escape by ; for, says he, it is better to marry than to burn.

Thus the biblical writers are perfectly consistent, discreet, and liberal on the point, but men soon arose who involved the question in a cloud of mysticism. Though St. Paul had expressly permitted a clergyman to become the husband of one wife (on which subject you may consult the treatise of that ever renowned monogamist, the Vicar of Wakefield), some early Christians, who wished to be thought much wiser than St. Paul, took the privilege away, and by taking on themselves positively to forbid marriage, incurred the severest censure. How men, whose only authority was the declared word of God, ventured to limit and contract that word to suit their own conceits, is just a mystery of iniquity which we cannot explain. But so it was, even in the days of Origen the mania for celibacy became so violent, as to tempt that august father to do himself serious damage ; which, by the bye, he afterwards regretted. In the zeal of the early eremites for the major premise, celibacy, they altogether overlooked the minor premise, matrimony, and thus their syllogism was grossly erroneous. Thus it was, that while Scripture had spoken of matrimony merely as a *second-rate* condition, perfectly lawful however, and even desirable on occasion, these ascetic worthies treated Hymen with the utmost rudeness and fairly kicked him out of doors.

From that day forward, a certain body of ecclesiastics immensely exaggerating the benefit of what they called, the *vita angelica monastica seu singularis*, not only took vows of celibacy themselves, but compelled all initiated into their body to take the vows also. The Fox in the fable, that had lost his tail in a trap, advised his brethren to dock their tails as a matter of taste and fashion,—they were however too deep for him.

Though celibacy thus became the etiquette among the Roman Clergy, there were not wanting ecclesiastics of the greatest name in successive ages who boldly supported the Scripture view of the question.

Such was Erasmus, that great injured name, the noblest light that ever shone over modern Christendom, combining in himself all that was holiest and wisest among the Papalists and Protestants, without imbibing the prejudices of either. Among the counsels of Erasmus, which, had they been followed, many tears and sufferings had been saved, we find him earnestly exhorting the Roman See to permit the marriage of the clergy.

The Pope had sagacity enough to see how the tide was running, and began to exhibit symptoms of relaxation, but unhappily, as usual among very clever potentates, they came too late. While his holiness was hesitating and vacillating, Luther and his friends took the law into their own hands, and burst through formal rules and even vows imposed on them when they were incapable of judging the merits of the question. Erasmus who had wit enough to keep himself a bachelor, while he liked to hear of the marriage of people, laughed heartily in his sleeve at the proceeding ; and rock-

ing in his easy chair with his Colloquies in his hand, exclaimed that "the Reformation wonderfully resembled a comedy, since it all terminated in marriages!"

Since that period, the Roman Church has been growing a little wiser, and decidedly more good-natured. We have noted several instances in which she appeared inclined to graceful and grateful concessions. She has learnt, that infallibility itself may sometimes reform with perfect decorum, since there is a time for every thing, and that which was adapted to one period may require modification in another. We love to see the most holy mother, who has often appeared surly and snappish to her devoted children, now exhibiting a touch of the amiable and condescending. We have no doubt, that if she be properly treated, she will get rid of a long catalogue of bigotries and cruelties, which, had she not some redeeming characteristics, would long ago have hurled her into ruin.

Meantime most courteous and discerning reader, we pray you watch the signs of the times, and mark the workings of the Roman Catholic mind, on this particular question of celibacy. There is more in it than meets the ear, and more than you may at first suppose. It needs no ghost to tell you, that the cause of true Catholicism so perseveringly advocated by the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, is advancing. You may judge of it from the best Roman Catholic periodicals, and the passages from the work under review, which we quote for your instruction and amusement. Recollect they proceed from a Roman Catholic clergyman, would we could add, *Ex uno disce omnes*.

"The first thing," says he, "dear reader, that will strike you on perusing the title-page of this little work, is the novelty of the subject which I very respectfully submit to your consideration—Remarks on the Celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy. Your surprise will grow into alarm, when I shall speak, as I intend to do, of the repeal of this point of our Ecclesiastical Discipline. 'The repeal,' you will say, 'of the Church Law of Clerical Celibacy! Is it the repeal of a rule that has existed for so many centuries, even since the first General Council of Nice held in 325? Is it to allow the Catholic clergy to marry? Impossible!' Nothing less—indeed, gentle reader, it is nothing less than what you have just said or thought. Only let me ask you to keep patience for a little, to enter deeply and seriously with me into the consideration of this very important subject—the celibacy of our clergy, its nature, its object, its consequences: weigh well the arguments for and against the repeal of this law; and when you do, you may perhaps think with me that the length of time which this rule has existed, so far from being a reason why it should continue, is one of the powerful reasons to be adduced for its cessation.

"Having thus bespoken your patience, and, I trust, your unbiassed attention, beseeching you at the same time to exclude all prejudices, to avoid all flurry and precipitation, in considering a subject of so much consequence, I might say, to all Christians, I have in the next place to state what have been the reasons that urged me to

submit my views on this matter to the public." They are the following:—

"We are assured in Scripture that, before the end of the world, all mankind shall become united in the profession of the same faith; all shall be gathered into one fold—Jews, Gentiles, Heathens, Pagans, Christians of all denominations. Protestants, therefore, and Catholics, and Dissenters of every persuasion shall, ere then, happily amalgamate. This desirable consummation the Sacred Scriptures teach us to look for. How is it to be effected? By the power alone, and the interposition, of Providence, who will make it that the Pagan and the Heathen shall be converted, and that Catholic, and Protestant, and Dissenter, who are all Christian, shall merge their differences, shall meet and offer to the Almighty the tribute of hearts blended in love, and voices mingled in harmony. And how is this amalgamation of the two great rival churches—the Protestant, and Catholic—to be procured? By mutual concession. The scope of the Catholic belief and discipline is extensive, that of the Protestant comparatively limited. The natural and obvious process, then, towards the approximation, and final union of these two leading sects of Christians, is, that the boundaries of the Protestant faith and discipline should be somewhat advanced; and those of the Catholic should, at least in discipline, be narrowed. They will thus meet mid-way; and the confusion of an entire compromise on either side will be avoided. Accession on the part of the Protestants, remission and retrenchment on the part of Catholics—this is the ground, which, if human nature remain true to itself, the two sects must have travelled whenever they shall meet. As long as man is man, a complete surrender on either side cannot be expected. Catholics will be still looking for their inflexibility, in matters of faith at all events; and Protestants will be asserting man's natural freedom as to points of discipline. A yielding on the part of one persuasion—a move in advance on the part of the other—such will be the process to a final, amicable adjustment of differences: indeed this seems the course towards a happy conjunction which the contending sects have already begun to pursue. The Oxford *Puseyites* of late, and many respectable Protestant authorities of past times, have admitted, and recommended prayers for the dead; and a Protestant Archbishop has recently spoken of an authority for the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures. Again, the Catholic Church has abolished several of its fasts, and retrenched many of its holy-days. Thus, it appears that the goodly work of *union* has commenced, and that too in such manner as our knowledge of human nature ought to lead us to expect. Under the blessing of the Almighty may it prosper; and may it be brought to a speedy and happy completion! Then, indeed, might we look for happiness; and then, and not till then, may we seek, with the hope of finding it, that charity which the Christian religion has been established to diffuse over the earth. This glorious consummation being effected, we would no longer see the various sects of Christians arrayed against each other in bitter and relentless hostility; we would not behold the

landlord and tenant, the master and servant, holding the unnatural relative positions of cruel tyrant, and vindictive slave; neither would the peace of society be disturbed, nor its safety be endangered by the political convulsions which we every day witness.

“In discussing the subject of Clerical Celibacy, one of my chief objects has, therefore, been, to assist in prostrating the wall of separation which divides the Catholic from the Protestant Church. It has occurred to me that differences in discipline are more effectual in keeping people asunder than differences in faith: and my reason is, that discrepancies in points of observance or discipline, are more palpable, exhibit themselves more frequently to view, than discrepancies as to doctrinal matters, the latter, except on particular occasions, being concealed in the mind, whilst the former enter as it were into the detail of life, exercise an influence on many of our outward acts, and are thus continually reminding those amongst whom we live, that, although bound together by ties of common country, and laws, and government, and avocations, we are still dis-united as to the important concern of religion. Besides, differences of belief are more easily removed, than differences as to practice; or, perhaps, it might be more correct to say, that doctrinal distinctions would soon be settled, if the way were first smoothed by agreement, or identification, as to discipline. Persons who believe in some mysteries, as all Christians do, cannot have great difficulty in submitting their understandings to the belief of others, whenever sound arguments are adduced for their existence, whilst we all naturally adhere with extreme pertinacity to those observances, or non-observances, or indulgences if you will, to which we have been accustomed from our youth, and which have entered into, and formed a part of, the ordinary routine of life. The man who believes in the mysteries of the Trinity, and the Incarnation, may, without extreme difficulty, bring himself to believe a middle state of souls, or even other doctrines which appear at first sight more objectionable, because exceeding his comprehension; but it is not in human nature that such a person will easily resign the liberty he has always enjoyed of using at all times what food he pleases, and of giving to the transaction of worldly business every day, save that on which the Lord rested from his works. In the first case, and so far as his belief is concerned, by giving the assent of his mind to what he is assured is an additional article of faith, he only advances another step in the course he has been travelling, and he only believes *more* than his respected ancestors; but in the case in which he would be supposed to alter his observance as to fasts and holy days, he takes entirely a new course, he yields up indulgences in which he can perceive no real evil to exist, and he tacitly condemns those unabstemious friends that have gone before him. When religion is concerned, the understandings of men are more easily captivated than their liberties of action are abridged, for there is no religion without its mysteries, though there are many without any extraordinary restrictions on human liberty. Hence, if you wish to get people to think with you on religious matters, act as those preachers do who seek to carry the blessings

of the Gospel into those distant countries whither its benign beams had not reached. Disturb as little as you can early prejudices, and impressions, do not entirely shut out ancient usages; and, where they are not absolutely criminal, have some respect for old customs; render the change of religious opinions as easy as possible. This would be following the example of St. Paul who was "all to all in order to gain all"—an example which should be followed by those on both or either side, who wish for, and try to effect, the reconciliation of the Protestant and Catholic Churches. The *essential* differences between both sects are quite enough, without either party standing out on varying points of discipline: the breach should be narrowed as much as possible. that finally it might be closed.

"The observations just made, I have deemed necessary in order to exhibit more fully one of the chief objects I have had in entering upon the discussion of a prominent point of Roman Catholic discipline—the Celibacy of the Clergy. I wish that the way should be smoothed to a happy reconciliation of both churches; and in order to this, the first thing necessary ought to be an assimilation of the discipline of both; a retrenchment of those points that may be not only indifferent or unnecessary, but perhaps, in many respects, most injurious. Our law of celibacy is one of these: I would propose that it should be struck out. Its abrogation would open more widely the prospect of a union of dissenting Christians; it would also pluck up that which I intend to exhibit as the root of much evil.

"I care little for the motives that by some may be attributed to me. If a man can know himself, or speak fairly of himself, I believe, reader, and I presume to say, that my motives are conscientious. Should you be a friend, you will credit this assertion; should you be opposed to me, you will probably disbelieve it, you will charge me with base motives; but then I will allow myself the liberty of questioning the purity of your own.

"There are two or three matters, which, before I begin, it may be necessary to explain,—It may be said that in this tract there should be more frequent references to Scriptural texts and examples. These shall be introduced, it is hoped appropriately, in the second part of the work. In the first, I wish to "begin with the beginning"—to review from its opening to its close the life of the young Ecclesiastic.

"Exceptions will be taken by some fastidious readers to the lines from Byron inscribed on the title page; but it should be recollected that in these lines there is much sound sense; that Byron, notwithstanding his faults,—and who is without faults? was a philosopher; and that religion does not destroy, but perfects, good sense and sound philosophy.

"It will also be made a matter of surprise, that I should dedicate this little work to the Clergy, on whom my observations occasionally fall with some severity. My explanation is:—I have presumed to dedicate to our Clergy, because I wish to make them better men and better priests; because my bitterness is not the bitterness of

anger, but the bitterness of justice, of the wholesome remedy. It should likewise be remembered that in the prosecution of my purpose, I have not spared myself, for every severe expression that I employ has a double edge—it cuts me whenever it cuts the body with which I am associated.

“I have nothing to fear from those who have science and sense; but some of the less-informed and inexperienced may put me down as a *heretic* for questioning the validity of vows. These gentlemen must be reminded that my remarks are not intended to apply to vows in general, but only to vows made under peculiar circumstances. It will be seen that on the latter I do not set much value: others, and many others, may think differently, and may look upon themselves as bound by such engagements—I therefore would press for a general dispensation. My reasons will by-and-by be seen; they are powerful, and they are numerous.

“Could it be possible that, humble as I am, I should be selected by Providence as an instrument wherewith is to be made the commencement of a mighty and glorious work! I cannot indulge such a thought; but I will humbly pray that all Christians may be soon, and happily bound together, “that the partition wall of hindrance may be thrown down, that those who agree in several leading articles of faith, and who have one baptism, may be united for ever, that thereby the Heathen may be converted, and give glory to the name of the Most High!”

ODE TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

HERO! by God ordained,
From world-renowned champions sprung, to be,
In this last age, the leader of the free.
Hero! whose worth hath gained
Thy monarch's guerdon, and the smile
And blessing of that ocean-girded isle,
Which gave thee all her strength, and sent
Her best and bravest forth, thy matchless armament.

Hero! to Britain dear,
For that in glorious deeds thou didst fulfil
Her proudest hopes, and rear
The standards of firm faith and generous will
On fame's eternal rock. How gallantly
Didst thou the cause of truth and justice urge
With tyrannous foes, while dauntless liberty
Rose, like Aurora, o'er the orient surge,
And prostrate Europe dashed the blood-stain from her eye.

Hero! to whom was given
The solemn, stern, and most soul-quickenning charge
To save the immortal rights of man and heaven
From the great demon, when he roamed at large

Over the world, and Gallia's "scourge of God"
Swept o'er each land, and despotism's flame,
And anarchy's mad blast, and fire and sword
Made earth even like the hell we dare not name.

Hero! all hail! To thee our British youth
Doth sacrifice, and staff-supported age,
Joy-prattling infancy, and virgin truth,
And manhood's valour; thou hast stilled the rage
Of scorers, and fierce France, though loth, admires
That man who spoiled her spoilers; and much more
Italia loves thee. Germany's desires
For thee are quenched not, and Iberia's fires
Are kindling yet for him who was her hope before.

Hero! whose hair is grey
With many a snow-fall of o'erlaboured years
Of vehement thought and prowess, a new day
Hath dawned in thine old age, and hopes and fears
Are piled on thy seared brow; for thou art he,
Our best proved champion still, on whose strong spell
Fortune attends, whether to bless the free,
Or our beleaguering foes to daunt and crush and quell.

Hero! pure history's hand
Writes thy proud name for ages yet unborn;
That name, which doth her brightest page adorn,
So envied, so revered, in every distant land.
And she shall call thee great
In peaceful policy as chivalric fight,
After the unclean flocks of clamorous hate
Have passed into their native dawnless night.

Hero! surrounded as thy course hath been
With good men, wise compeers, and warriors brave,
Hold on thy way calmly, amid the din
Of that ill-omened brood of fool and knave,
That in their infamy of nature, sought
To wrong thy sacred form, so oft exposed
To death for their ungrateful lives, and brought
Wild mischief to thy halls, not yet again unclosed.

Hero! forgive them; let thy great soul rise
Beyond resentment, for such things as these.
Regard them now, as when in purple skies,
Hereafter throned, thy soaring genius sees
All human passions working to one end.
Pursue thy march of triumph, and forgive
Thy foes who know thee not, so wilt thou send
The lightnings of remorse, on many that yet live.

Teach the true Patriots that Loyalty
And Liberty are one—that nought

But steady law and policy
Can keep the freedom that was bought
With our forefathers' heart-blood, and has lent
A thousand years of glory, while each year,
The past corrected, by the ripe consent
Of those united powers, to Britons ever dear.

And teach this wild and reckless upstart race
That swarm around, that the worst slavery
Is popular misrule, wherein all grace,
All decent rank, and fair proportion die
In the hot gulf of passion, and mad wit,
And rage for change, make every new reform
A thing to be reformed, when years, more fit
For truth's appeal have cooled these maniacs of the storm.

And then, at last, from thy eternal star,
Thou shalt behold thy native island gleam
In thy mild rays, and thus insphered afar,
Receive from her who veils her glorious beam—
Our sorrowing Church—large blessing, while the three
Kingdoms of our awakening people raise
Their psalm of gratitude, and call on thee
To fill them with thy spirit, and thy praise.

Then, too, when death hath quenched the souls of hate,
And calm pure thoughts shall blossom o'er thy grave,
Thy worst of foes shall, weeping, contemplate
The hero they would scathe, but cannot save.
And many a tear shall warm the marble stone,
Which seals the ashes of the mighty dead ;
Whereon this simple epitaph alone—
"The Saviour of his country"—shall be read.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

1. THE DRAMA.*

THE righteous indignation that we have expressed in behalf of the betrayed drama of any thing but merry young England, has received the approbation of the judicious far and near. We have reason to thank the author of the very eloquent and right-minded pamphlet entitled as above, for his timely presentation copy. Mr. Nash is the author of a play, called *The Outcast*, which we have not yet seen, though favourably reviewed in a former series of this Magazine. We are inclined to believe, from the specimen of his composition before us, that his play must be, at least, a very worthy production.

That he knows how to write a play is clear from the following paragraphs.

"The dramatic is universally allowed to be the most difficult style of com-

* The Drama, a Treatise on Poetry and Verse, Dramatic Composition, Dramatic Authors, and the Effects of Dramatic Amusements ; to which is annexed, The Poet's Death, a Ballad. By George Nash, author of the "Outcast." London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

position. In reading a good play as much passes before us as in perusing a novel of similar outline. Imagination, fired by a word, lights up her scenery, and more than compensates for the novelist's descriptions; for the very best descriptions of scenery convey but imperfect impressions. Were a dozen artists who had never seen the spot described, each to draw a picture of it from a novelist's description, it would be found that, except in a few general features, no two of their pictures would be alike. There are some paintings that suggest more than they represent. They awaken reflection: the imagination pictures scenery which they merely hint to it, and the mind wanders amid landscapes, of which they give no outline, but which we imagine to exist, beyond the scenes they represent. So, in a drama, every scene must suggest others that are necessarily connected with it.

"It oftener happens that the imagination of a poet is seized by his subject, than that he coolly selects it from many before him. He is struck with its appropriateness for his purpose, and feels a desire to illustrate it. In this state, he ponders over it; ideas, passages and scenes suggest themselves and are instantly fixed in the memory, and, by slow degrees, the whole disposition of the events is arranged. The materials thus produced are those for art to work on; the poem will not be great in proportion to the magnitude of its subject, but of the standard of its author's mind.

"It is impossible to lay down certain rules for imaginative compositions; no two authors may set out with similar designs, and consequently each must be left to his own judgment for completing his own idea. But as some naturalists profess to trace one model through every variety of existence, so all dramatic works have certain peculiarities of construction. The most obvious of these is their division into acts and scenes, which, easy as it appears, affords scope for the exercise of much art. In dividing his play into acts, an author should be more guided by the circumstances of his story, than the length of his acts. Where a natural pause appears to occur in the action, where the spectator must feel that some time must elapse before the events of the next scene can occur; where, according to the scale of the piece, a long interval intervenes, he should take advantage of it, and there divide his acts. We are not surprised to see Werner enter as Count Siegendorf in the first scene of the fourth act of Lord Byron's play; but we are fully satisfied that a long space of time, and many events, must have elapsed between the commencement of that scene, and the end of the one preceding. According to the scale of the play, the interval is a long one, and the change wrought in it, an important one; and it would, therefore, have been inartistical to have included them both in one act. Similar care is necessary in the division of scenes. No play is ever perfectly consistent with reality, and art should be used to soften down and hide the unavoidable inconsistencies. In a drama the incidents, though divided by years, or connected by numerous events, must appear to flow one from another. Those links of the chain that are not seen are imagined. The concatenation of events must be unbroken from the beginning to the end; accident being only admitted in supplementary parts; and it should even then be made to conduce to the general design. Thus the death of Ophelia is accidental, but it heightens the desperate resolution of her brother. If there are two plots, they should rather resemble two strands of one cord, than separate threads—the under assisting to develop the main design. The subject must appear to commence with the play; it must be seized at some point whence the action may spring naturally forward; and the fewer the explanations required, the better. If there are many, it is best to disperse them through the work, introducing them as required: they will be better remembered, and appear to interrupt the action less than if introduced in a catalogical form; they should also be expressed in language as clear and brief as possible. As the first words of a play are seldom heard in representation, they should never be of importance; and, throughout, all recapitulation is to be avoided. The plot should spring regularly from its commencement—thickening as it proceeds, until it attains a certain height,

whence the action may descend naturally to the catastrophe. An author might, ere he commences it, draw a diagram of the action of his play. The middle act is ever the keystone of the arch. In *Othello* it is in the third act that the Moor's resolution is formed. In *Cain* the form of construction is similar. If the play be but two acts, they should mutually depend on each other. The reader should feel at the conclusion, that the catastrophe is the natural consequence of what preceded it. He should be impressed with a sense of the work's completeness; should feel that the shaft he saw aimed, has been shot, and has alighted."

The following is a useful *resumé*.

"The seven elements of a dramatic poem may be thus arranged. First: Idea—including, with the conception of the poem, the stream of imagination poured through it. Second: Philosophy—including the Moral and Sentiment of the whole piece, those of its various characters, and also, its various reflections. Third: Delineation and Description. Fourth: Arrangement of Incidents. Fifth: Language. Sixth: Versification. And Seventh: Rhyme, which is only occasionally employed. The Opera is the most fanciful; but the Melo-drame, the Great Shaksperian Drama, the most difficult of all dramatic creations. It requires more diversified powers than all others. The chief desideratum of the present stage appears to be skill in drawing the action to certain points, and then by opening the trap at the right time, astonishing the audience into applause. It is very effective when skilfully managed, and in the last scene of *Richelieu* produced an effect rarely equalled. But our best dramatic works are not of this sort. Which does the fame of Shakespere depend on—his poetry and philosophy, or on such meretricious merits as this? And which is most likely to give posterity a high opinion of the intellectual character of our age—a drama depending on clap-trap incident, or one whose claims are its poetry, wit, philosophy and knowledge of human nature? Not that an audience should endure to be entertained with poetical recitations, or versified philosophical disquisitions! The ideas, in a drama, should be vivid; the philosophy concentrated: it will not do to dilute a thought with words till it covers a page; its language should be energetic and appropriate, and the action well sustained, rapid and interesting. To write a play, at once poetical, well constructed, and of *actable* length, is the *chef d'oeuvre* of dramatic composition. Our 'Mental Theatre' requires more poetry than the acting drama. The one is the drama of the poet, the other of the player; and but few living authors can unite the two. In short, we have no drama equalling the intellectual pretensions of our age. But all around us bears marks of change—the instruments are tuning for the concert—the present era is peculiarly one of transition, all things mark it as unenduring, and so our drama may be but passing to a better state."

2. FORGOTTEN FACTS IN THE MEMOIR OF CHARLES MATHEWS; By S. Arnold, Esq. Ridgway.

Mr. Arnold considered himself aggrieved by sundry statements in Mrs. Mathews's amusing biography of our great comedian. As far as we understand the merits of the case, Mr. A. is not without provocation; and the larger work should be read in connection with the smaller, in order to qualify it for the wholesome digestion of the critic.

3. SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Herbert Byng Hall, Esq. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

Seven tales of some merit.

4. THE FOOTMAN'S GUIDE. By James Williams. London: Dean and Munday.

There is besides this, as much in the title as would occupy a page. The volume appears to be equally complete and useful.

5. AN ANALYSIS of One Hundred Voyages to and from India, China, &c., performed by Ships in the Honorable East India Company's Service; with Remarks on the advantages of Steam-power applied as an auxiliary Aid to Shipping? and Suggestions for Improving thereby the Communication with India via the Cape of Good Hope. To which is added an Appendix, containing a description of Melville's Patent Propellers, with Plans of the Engines, Machinery, &c. By Henry Wise, late Chief Officer of the Honorable Company's Ships, Edinburgh. London: J. W. Noice and Co. 1839.

This Analysis is instituted for the purpose of shewing what very considerable delay ships have experienced from calms and light airs; and points out with accuracy the locality of the principal detention, and the extent of it. The log-books of the several ships have been carefully examined; and the varieties of weather during every twenty-four hours divided into four classes, viz.: *Dead Calm*—ship not having steerage way. *Light Airs*—ship going from half-a-mile to three miles per hour. *Fair Winds*—ship going free. *Foul Winds*—ship close hauled.

6. COWIE'S PRINTER'S POCKET-BOOK AND MANUAL, &c. &c. London: W. Strange.

This book is well worth the two-and-sixpence charged for it. No person concerned in printing should be without it.

7. THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the past year, in Mechanics; Natural Philosophy; Electricity; Chemistry; Zoology and Botany; Geology and Mineralogy; Astronomy; Meteorology; and Geography; illustrated with Engravings. By the editor of the *Arcana of Science*. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1839.

A desirable register of the march of intellect.

8. SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE in the Australian Provinces, ending in 1839; exhibiting their capabilities of Colonisation, and containing the History, Trade, Population, Extent, Resources, &c. &c. of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, and Port Philip; with an account of New Zealand. By W. Mann, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

This book may be consulted with advantage by every one interested in Australian Colonisation.

9. THE COLONY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA; A Manual for Emigrants in that Settlement or its Dependencies; comprising its Discovery; Settlement; Aborigines; Land-regulations; Principles of Colonial Emigration; Statistical, Financial, and Agricultural Reports; also, Instructions and Hints to Settlers; Directions for the Anchorages, &c.; with the most correct Map extant. By Nathaniel Ogle, F.G.S. &c. &c.; with an Appendix, containing the Governor's Commission; Land regulations; a List of the Names of the Proprietors; their original Grants and Number of Acres, Tenures, Conditions, Transfers, &c.; taken from Official Documents. London: James Fraser, Regent-street. 1839.

In all respects, this is an excellent work. We cannot speak in such high terms, however, of this writer's tale of *MARIAMNE*, the last of the *Asmonean Princes*. It professes to be an historical novel of Palestine; but answers not to our conception of what such a novel ought to be. We fear that we must pronounce it to be elaborately dull.

10. **GATHERINGS FROM GRAVE-YARDS**, particularly those of London; with a concise History of the Modes of Interment among Different Nations from the Earliest Periods; and a detail of dangerous and fatal results produced by the unwise and revolting custom of Inhuming the Dead in the midst of the living. By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London Longman. 1839.

The title of this book sufficiently explains its design; and the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the aptitude of its contents. Burial-places in the neighbourhood of the living, are in his opinion, well-borne out with facts, a national evil—the harbingers, if not the originators of pestilence—the cause, direct or indirect, of inhumanity, immorality, and irreligion.

11. **ORIENTAL OUTLINES; or a Rambler's Recollections of a Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Tuscany**, in 1838. By William Knight. London: Sampson Low. 1839.

A very useful and carefully compiled manual, which well deserves patronage.

12. **THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1840**. With twelve Illustrations of the Months. By George Cruikshank. London: C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

Always entertaining, and always welcome.

13. **A GUIDE down the Danube**, from Paris to Marseilles, Ancona, Trieste, Venice, Munich, Strasburg; and from Vienna to Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, the Morea, and the Ionian Islands; also, the Route to India by way of Egypt. By R. T. Claridge, Esq. London: F. C. Westley. 1839. †

A valuable and accurate companion,

14. **HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP**, to a Nephew and Niece. By an Officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry. London: Moxon. 1839.

These hints are of the right sort.

15. **THE ROCK**. Illustrated with various Legends and original Songs and Music; descriptive of Gibraltar. By Major Hort, Eighty-first Regiment With Drawings taken on the spot; by William Carey, Esq., Lieut. 46th Regiment. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

This book is dedicated by special permission to her Majesty. It consists of lithograph sketches, tales, songs, and music; of all of which we can speak with approbation.

16. **CHAPTERS OF THE MODERN HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA**. By Edward Thornton, Esq. Author of "India, its State and Prospects." London: Wm. H. Allen and Co. Leadenhall-street. 1840.

This volume furnishes an account of the most interesting events in the History of British India, during a period of nearly thirty years, which elapsed between the close of the administration of Marquis Wellesley and the relinquishment of trade by the East India Company.

There is much graphic description in this book, not unaccompanied with moral reflection. The mutiny of Vellore, its causes and results, are well laid out in the first chapter. India is governed by native troops—such soldiers are actuated exclusively by the lower and more selfish motives, and their services will always be at the command of him who can present the strongest temptations to their ambition or cupidity.

We have not space to enter into the brilliant exploits which form the arguments of this work, and which furnish so much to rouse the feelings as well as to feed meditation. There is an interesting chapter on the renewal of the

Company's charter in 1813, in which the principles of free-trade are freely discussed. On this subject, we think, that many mistakes arise from not observing the distinction between Liberty and License. The former consists with law; and never indeed exists without it: the latter is alien from law, and is in fact synonymous with lawlessness. Do the advocates of free-trade carry their meaning to this extreme? If not, and they permit the control of law to limit and keep under the wild caprice of ungoverned license; then to what extent shall law exercise dominion on trade? The principle is allowed, and the only question that remains is one of degree. Then what becomes of free-trade, as it is understood by some?

The Nepaul War is treated at considerable length. This is a stirring episode of much military interest. It is the opinion of Mr. Thornton that Lord Moira consulted his country's honour and his own, in determining on an appeal to arms. But the manner of conducting this war was faulty. The plan of the campaign, though it might present a very imposing appearance in the office of the adjutant-general, was evidently formed in almost entire ignorance of the nature of the country and the character of the enemy. The force was, in every instance, inadequate to the duties assigned to it; and the arrangements altogether were such as might have been supposed to emanate from the rashness of impetuous youth, rather than from the well-matured experience of a veteran soldier. Lord Moira's opinion that a mountainous country is more readily attacked than defended, was to say the least of it, an extraordinary, if not extravagant assertion. Nevertheless, though the war was undertaken without sufficient preparation, it was not only justifiable but necessary. Its progress was attended by reverses, but its termination did not dishonour the British name, while it conferred security on the British frontier. Moreover, the early successes of the Nepaulese, aroused in various quarters the slumbering spirit of hostility to the British government. That spirit pervaded the Mahratta States, then ostensibly our allies; and the Burmese sovereign acquired confidence to insult us. Hence may be traced the subsequent wars with those powers, which happily terminated in establishing the complete supremacy of the British dominion in India.

The rest of the volume is occupied with accounts of the disputes between the Peishwa and the Guicowar—of the events at Poona and at Nagpore—of the Pindarries—of the disturbances at Bareilly—of the Burmese War—of the siege of Bhurtpore, and the changes of 1833.

By these changes, though deprived of some advantages which they had previously enjoyed under the Company's rule, the people of India had reason to rejoice that the Company was still preserved as an instrument for the government of the country. That portion of the people of England who do not desire to see the combatants for political power everything, and the rest of the people nothing, have equal reason to be satisfied with this result. Such is the conclusion to which Mr. Thornton conducts his readers, and from which there will be very few dissenters.

17. A NEW EXPLANATORY, ASTRONOMICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND GENERAL ALMANAC, for 1840. By J. Rowbotham. Harvey and Darton.

This Almanac contains much useful and instructive matter.